

FIFTY CENTS

JANUARY 10, 1972

# TIME

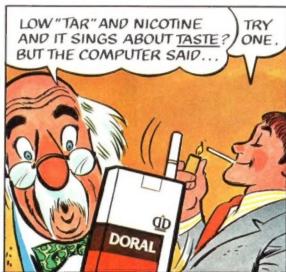
## Ireland: The Tactics of Terror

**Masked  
I.R.A.  
Fighter**

# DORAL ADDS UP!

LOOK! THE COMPUTER SAYS:  
"LOW TAR AND NICOTINE  
CIGARETTES TASTE LIKE  
 $\left(\frac{XYZ \times 14}{24 \div 5}\right)$  MINUS  $\left(\frac{XYZ \times 14}{24 \div 5}\right)$ , IN  
OTHER WORDS: ZERO!"

TASTE ME  
TASTE ME



The filter system you'd  
need a scientist to explain  
...but Doral says it in  
two words, "Taste me"

menthol



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SIX OF TIME'S ECONOMISTS: Alan Greenspan, David Grove, Walter Heller, Robert Nathan, Arthur Okun, Joseph Pechman

## A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

*Henry Luce*

WHEN we decided in 1969 to create a Board of Economists, we were certain that experts with wide academic and governmental experience would help our Business section's analysis and reporting. Just how valuable the nine-member board was to prove became clear as economic problems worsened and the Nixon Administration finally launched its New Economic Policy in August 1971. At its very first meeting with TIME staffers two years ago, the board had a sense of where events were headed. The U.S., the members agreed, was at a new and dangerous turning point. Since then, the board has periodically made concrete predictions; this week TIME's Economy section publishes a prospectus for 1972 that draws heavily on the board's projections.

The economists' first annual forecast was just a shade optimistic, but closer to the facts than most projections for 1970. The board members' predictions of 1970's gross national product averaged out at \$983 billion and unemployment at 4.5%; the figures actually turned out to be \$974 billion and 4.9%. The calculations for 1971 came a good deal closer. A year ago the board put the G.N.P. at \$1,049.2 billion, with unemployment rising to 6.2%. The actual figures: \$1,050 billion and 6.2%.

Individually, as well as collectively, the board members have displayed a certain clairvoyance. In June 1970, for example, Robert Triffin, one of the world's leading monetary experts and master of Yale's Berkeley College, accurately predicted a world monetary crisis that would result in the revaluation of foreign currencies. Perhaps the most startling look forward came later that year, when Arthur Okun, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution and a former chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Johnson, outlined in detail an incomes policy. The proposal, preceding President Nixon's wage-price freeze by nine months and Phase II by well over a year, shared several important characteristics with the plan finally adopted by the Administration.

Says Marshall Loeb, senior editor of the Business and Economy sections: "Our job as journalists is not so much to forecast as to report and explain. But predicting is important because other people base their decisions on it. And it's fun—particularly if you're fortunate enough to be right."

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**Automatic Shipments!** To get the Selection of the Month in your favorite music category, you need do nothing; it will be sent automatically. If you want other selections, or none, advise us on card always provided and return it by the date specified.

**Cancel whenever you wish** after completing your membership agreement in writing. If you remain a member, you choose 1 tape FREE for every 2 you buy at regular Club prices ... a saving of one-third! (Small shipping-service charge is added to each order.)

**Free 10-Day Trial!** You must be delighted or return your 6 hit tape cartridges with no obligation. You've nothing to lose, so fill in the coupon and mail it today!

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**SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON TODAY!**

Mail to: RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB, P.O. Box RCA 1, Indianapolis, Ind. 46291  
Please accept my membership application in the RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club and send me the 6 hits I have chosen for 99¢. I agree to buy as few as six more at regular Club prices within a year, after which I may cancel my membership. I understand I may refuse the automatic shipment of each Selection of the Month, order other selections, or none, by returning the dated card always provided. (Small shipping service charge is added to each order.)

**RUSH ME THESE 6 SELECTIONS (Indicate by number):**

--	--	--	--	--	--

I am most interested in the following type of music—but

I am always free to choose from every category (check one only):

☐ Popular (Instrumental/Vocal Moods) ☐ Country & Western ☐ Classical

☐ Today's Sound (Rock/Soul/Folk) ☐ Broadway-Hollywood-TV

☐ Mr. ☐ Mrs. ☐ Miss (Please Print) Area Code

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Phone \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Limited to new members, continental U.S.A. only; one membership per family.

4-AF T-C

Time Readers Note... \*\* Limited Enrollment Period Ends Midnight Jan. 15th.

# EVERY FAMILY NEEDS THIS HOSPITAL PROTECTION NOW... EVERY FAMILY CAN EASILY AFFORD IT! **PAID DIRECT TO YOU IN TAX-FREE CASH**

## \$600.00-A-MONTH

### When You Go to the Hospital!

### and EXTRA CASH/PLUS PAYS YOU UP TO \$15,000.00!

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month under age 65 for each accident or illness. Benefits begin your first day in the hospital, and up to \$15,000, for each benefit period.

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month for each accident or illness of your insured wife. Benefits begin the very first day in hospital. Up to \$15,000 for each benefit period. (Same 65 or over benefit as yours).

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month when you're 65 or over, for first 2 months and \$600 a month thereafter up to \$14,400 for each benefit period—this in addition to Medicare.

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month for maternity benefits from first day in hospital for your insured wife.

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$600 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** additional for Intensive Care.

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month for each covered child. Benefits from first day in hospital and up to \$7,500 for each benefit period.

**PAYS YOU UP TO \$300 TAX-FREE EXTRA CASH** a month for each hospital benefit period for Nursing Home Care, regardless of age.

**PLUS: YOUR EXTRA CASH BENEFITS INCREASE 5% A YEAR**, for 5 years—a total of 25%—to keep pace with the rising cost of living!

## YES.

**EXTRA CASH/PLUS pays up to \$15,000. Pays new Cost-of-Living Raises and more. Puts TAX-FREE CASH right in your pocket. Pays sooner . . . from the 1st day . . . pays longer than most, up to 25 months. Pays on top of any other insurance you have, even Blue Cross or Medicare. Yes, Enrollment now only \$1.**

This plan pays so much and the \$1 offer is so good, you probably have some questions—or even some doubts. We've put all the answers (including the minor limitations) down right here in black and white for readers of TIME magazine so you won't miss the Enrollment Deadline for the Extra Cash/Plus Plan. Ordinary hospitalization insurance alone just is not enough now, when your family is hit with a hospital stay. Especially with the bigger bills at home. It takes a hospital income plan that pays enough extra money—or you could end up draining your savings. Low-cost Extra Cash/Plus helps answer today's alarming jump in hospital charges. Pays more because it covers more. Helps out for both sickness and accident, the burdensome costs of Intensive Care and convalescent facilities. Yes, even prepares for further inflation.

Now—for only \$1—with no health questions asked and regardless of your age, or size of your family, you get your first month's protection for all eligible family members.

Your policy will be issued to you on your application with **No age limit for adults, no physicals, no medical questionnaires, without the usual insurance investigations** . . . without any red tape whatsoever . . . and no salesman will call!

All of your unmarried dependent children residing in your home may be included under this plan between the ages of 1 month and 19 years. Both you and your wife—if neither

has been hospitalized for sickness for more than a total of seven days in the past two years—are eligible for coverage. There are no other qualifications! The few customary exclusions which help keep your premiums low are described in question and answer (Number 22) at right.

All This and Low Rates, Too! N-BF Life keeps costs down with no red tape and because many people are enrolled at one time through the U.S. mails. So after the 1st month (\$1 only) you can continue your Extra Cash/Plus protection at these very LOW MONTHLY RATES shown below.

#### LOW MONTHLY RATES\*

Age of Insured Policyholder*	Policyholder	Policyholder and Spouse
19-44	\$4.50	\$ 8.50
45-54	5.50	10.00
55-64	6.50	11.50
65 and over	8.00	14.50

Only \$2.00 more a month covers all your eligible children—NO MATTER HOW MANY. Sorry, only 1 policy per family.

\*Premium based on age of insured and rate schedule on policy's effective date and at time of renewal. When husband and wife are insured, the husband is the policyholder.

MAIL NOW. ENROLLMENT ENDS MIDNIGHT, FEBRUARY 29, 1972

#### NO-RISK MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Examine your policy. Show it to your insurance agent or other trusted advisor. If not absolutely satisfied, return it within 10 days after receipt; N-BF Life will refund your money at once.

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**\*\*NO ADULT AGE LIMIT • NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION • NO SALESMAN WILL CALL**

... And Only \$1 Covers Your Entire Family for First Month.

## 22 Important Questions & Answers Tell Why:

### National-Ben Franklin Extra Cash/Plus Policy is your best protection for the lowest cost

**1. What are the chances of me going to the hospital?**

1 out of 7 people do each year. Could be your wife, children—even you. Could count on up to \$15,000 with Extra Cash/Plus!

**2. \$15,000? How Come Extra Cash/Plus Pays So High?**

Pays longer than most. \$600 a month, under age 65; up to 25 months for each hospital benefit period. No waiting: pays from the 1st day whether for sickness or accident. NBF-Life planned Extra Cash/Plus to plug gaps others miss.

**3. What'll They Pay for My Wife?**

Same big benefit as yours, \$600 a month (under age 65); up to 25 months, to \$15,000 each hospital benefit period.

**4. Are Maternity Benefits Included?**

YES! Unlike many policies, Pays \$600 a month, up to 25 months, for your wife's hospital confinement for any pregnancy, or its complications, beginning while both of you are insured. No extra charge!

**5. Does "Intensive Care" DOUBLE Our Benefits?**

Yes, for adults under 65. Pays \$20 a day up to 30 days. Up to \$600 are added to your hospital income dollars. (Other generous benefits for other age groups.) Of course, regular recovery room service for less than 24 hours is not covered.

**6. Does Extra Cash/Plus Cover Nursing Home Care?**

Sure does and not many do. Regardless of age, it pays up to \$300—\$10 a day for 30 days (each hospital benefit period) for confinement in a nursing home or hospital convalescent unit, starting within 7 days of a 3-day covered hospital stay.

**7. Just What Is the 25% Cost-of-Living Raise?**

A hedge against even higher hospital costs!

Each person's original benefits will increase 5% for benefit periods which start after the end of the 1st year—similar increases for 4 more years. Totals 25% more cash for you. No added cost!

**8. What if I Have Other Insurance?**

Extra Cash/Plus pays in addition to group coverage, Workmen's Comp, Medicare, Blue Cross, or any other company's policy.

**9. WHO Gets the Cash?**

You do. No payments to the doctor, hospital or nursing home unless you say so. It's all yours.

**10. All Mine? No Taxes?**

No taxes!

**11. Will Extra Cash/Plus Take Care of Our Children?**

YES! Pays up to \$7500... \$300 a month up to 25 months for any of your children's hospital benefit periods. Each new baby is covered automatically after 1 month of age.

**12. All at One Price? What a Bargain!**

One very LOW premium covers all your children. NO MATTER HOW MANY, over 1 month through 18 years old.

**13. Do They Get the "Plus" Benefits, Too?**

YES! Up to \$300 additional for Intensive Care; up to \$300 Nursing Home Care. Cost-of-Living Raises will increase children's \$300 benefits to \$375 after 5 years.

**14. Just Who Can Get In On Cash/Plus?**

Any adult who has not been hospitalized for sickness for more than a week in the last 2 years. No Physical and No Age Limit for adults to apply.

**15. What are We Paid at Age 65 or Over?**

Extra Cash/Plus pays you up to \$14,400... for up to 25 months (over 2 years) for each hospital benefit period. \$300 a month, first 2 months; \$600 a month for 23 months more. This helps lower your rates and the \$600 benefit means more money when you need it most—when Medicare stops.

**16. Do We Get the "Intensive Care" Feature?**

YES! At age 65 or over, \$10 a day for 30 days, up to \$300, is added to your hospital income payment.

**17. What is our total Cost-of-Living raise?**

In 5 years, your original benefits will also go up to a total increase of \$375 for each of the first 2 months and \$750 a month thereafter.

**18. What am I Paid for Less Than a Month?**

You're paid 1/30 of your monthly benefits for each day of confinement from the 1st day.

**19. Can Premiums Be Changed or My Policy Cancelled?**

Your policy can never be singled out for change or cancellation because of claims or poor health. Rate schedule changes or cancellation could only occur for all policies like yours in your class and State upon proper notice; nothing of the sort is foreseen. You're safe with Extra Cash/Plus!

**20. When Do New Benefit Periods Start?**

Each eligible hospital stay for a new sickness or injury starts a new 25-month benefit period. Same or related causes are covered for 25 months; if you're not confined for that ailment for 12 months, a new benefit period begins.

**21. What About "Pre-Existing" Conditions?**

Even these are covered when hospitalization begins 2 years or more after protection starts.

**22. What Few Exclusions Are There?**

Only a few—to help keep your rates low. They are: conditions resulting from declared or undeclared war or act of war, mental illness or nervous disorder, confinement in a federal hospital or federal convalescent facility. Even maternity is covered when both husband and wife are insured.

\*Except under Missouri Policies \*Washington and Montana Residents: 1 year

Only residents of the following States may take advantage of this offer if they act now before enrollment closes! Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Hawaii, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Rhode Island, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia, Washington, Washington, D.C., West Virginia, Wisconsin, Wyoming.

MAIL TO:  
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160 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois 60606

### OFFICIAL ENROLLMENT FORM

ENROLLMENT ENDS  
MIDNIGHT  
JANUARY 15, 1972

#### APPLICATION TO NATIONAL-BEN FRANKLIN LIFE INSURANCE CORPORATION, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please Print  
YOUR NAME First Middle Initial Last DATE OF BIRTH (mo./day/yr.) AGE SEX

ADDRESS SOCIAL SECURITY NO.

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

List all dependents to be covered. Use separate sheet for additional children.

NAME (PLEASE PRINT) DATE OF BIRTH (mo./day/yr.) NAME (PLEASE PRINT) DATE OF BIRTH (mo./day/yr.)

Spouse Child

Child Child

Child Child

I represent that neither I nor my spouse, if listed above, has been hospitalized due to sickness for a total of more than seven days in the last two years. I agree that if both husband and wife are covered, the husband will be the Insured. I understand that coverage will take effect when the policy is issued.

DATE SIGNATURE 2536

Please make check or money order payable to NBF Life. This Policy Series (4767) is available in all states where approved by the insurance department.

Florida residents please mail enrollment form to John G. Warner, Agent, P.O. Box 4916, Chicago, Illinois 60606  
California Residents: Please write for free information regarding hospital protection available in your state

# One side of the POW question is not complicated. That's the human side.

ALTHOUGH the prisoner-of-war question is often complex and even confusing, one side of it should be very simple. That's the part that deals with the treatment of prisoners of war. That's not a political issue, but a human issue.

Of course, we all want the war to end and the prisoners of war to be released as soon as possible.

But meanwhile there is no need for Hanoi and its allies to delay even a day in answering this plea:

Let your POW camps in North Vietnam, South Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos be visited by neutral observers.

Let the world know the names of the men you have held so long in secret captivity.

Assure the world through unbiased official observers that you are treating American prisoners according to humane standards long practiced by civilized nations.

That's the issue.  
It's that simple.  
It's that non-political.  
It's that human.

Hanoi can open its prison camps to neutral observers without bargaining, even without consultation.

By doing so now, Hanoi would earn the gratitude of millions of Americans and find new stature in the eyes of the world.

## SUPPORT OUR PLEA TO HANOI AND ITS ALLIES:

Clear away the doubts—  
Open your prison camps to  
neutral observers...  
now!

We ask no more than we give. All American and South Vietnamese prison camps are inspected regularly by official neutral observers—The International Committee of the Red Cross.



National League of Families of American Prisoners and Missing in Southeast Asia.

1608 "K" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006

## What's Wrong with the Country

Sir / In your answers to questions about Phase II [Dec. 20] you say that a 10% pay raise might be awarded to secretaries while a 1% increase is given to cleaning women, as long as the raises do not add up to more than 5.5% for a whole company, department or labor union.

This is what is wrong with the country today: the idea that the small increase should go to the little people while the bigger increases should go to people who are already getting much more. The whole thing is unfair. Percentage increases are always unfair. What we have done over the years is to polarize the nation. We have divided people into the very well paid v. the poor, who can't buy anything because they don't have enough to spend. Then we wonder why business is poor and products are going begging at high prices the poor can't afford, and why they buy cheap, foreign-made products, leaving our own people out of work.

DON T. HILL  
Hemet, Calif.

Sir / Many physicians, notably psychiatrists, are raising their fees despite the Phase II controls. This is grossly unfair, since the patient is placed in an untenable position. The minute you say to your therapist that you feel his price rise is unfair, he answers with a typical psychiatrist's remark like "What are your fantasies about this?" and he suggests that your objections are merely "resistance" to therapy.

The vision of bringing my psychiatrist before the Pay Board chills my spine.

NAME WITHHELD  
Alexandria, Va.

## Justice and Honor in Bangladesh?

Sir / One can recall the statement issued by the State Department upon the outbreak of the 1967 Arab-Israeli war, saying that it was "neutral in thought, word and deed." Perhaps one could rephrase this now, with regard to the India-Pakistan conflict [Dec. 20], as being "blundering in word, guilty in deed and innocent of thought." How many more such idiotic policies will it take before the rest of the world loses all remaining faith in the U.S. sense of justice and honor?

WILLIAM W. BURNS  
Albany, Calif.

Sir / Isn't it wonderful that in the U.N. the Soviet Union has emerged as the champion of the people fighting for freedom from an oppressive government in East Pakistan?

Tell it to a Hungarian or a Czech!  
WILLIAM P. SIMONS III  
Atlanta

Sir / For most of my life I have heard it said that if more of our leaders were women, we would not have wars. It would appear that Indira Gandhi has cast grave doubts upon this theory, for this generation at least.

BOB WOODSIDE  
Greenville, N.C.

Sir / As a refugee from the former province of East Pakistan, I would request the Bangladesh leaders to prevail upon

their emotionally charged people to exercise the greatest restraint and sobriety.

The people of the newly emerged state should pool their resources to maintain peace and discipline as a basis for economic rehabilitation and democratic growth, and not dissipate their energy in revenge. They should follow a path of "noble" revenge and prove themselves better than their persecutors. As a Bengali proverb says: "If the dog bites a man, the man does not bite the dog."

ABUO AHMAD  
Warwood, W. Va.

## Help for Kidney Patients

Sir / Your article on kidney dialysis [Dec. 20] mentioned nothing about the program being carried on by Veterans Administration hospitals all over the country.

I have been a patient on the artificial kidney for almost five years at the Manhattan V.A. Hospital, and I am very grateful for all the V.A.'s help in keeping me alive. For 4½ years I was an outpatient at the hospital, commuting twice weekly to have my blood cleansed; recently, the V.A. trained my wife and me to operate the artificial kidney at home. They not only supplied me with a machine but also with a chase lounge, a medical cabinet and all the supplies needed to operate the artificial kidney.

GEORGE J. HUMMEL  
Hastrouck Heights, N.J.

Sir / If the need for the donation of kidneys and other transplantable organs were better publicized, a large portion of the

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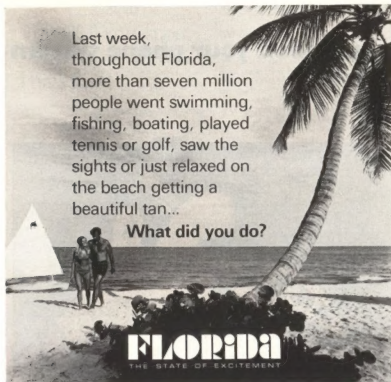
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# Minnesota

"The Lake country can become a kind of addiction  
with men, a deep and private gut feeling."\*

Here's fair warning. Minnesota is one of the  
most difficult states in the country to ask  
people to transfer from. They like it here and  
stay. Result: a stable, productive, well-adjusted  
work force. That means profit!

\*Quoted from an article in "Western's World"

## FACTS IN 48 HOURS

STATE OF MINNESOTA Dept. of Economic Development  
Industrial Development Division, Suite 171  
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I'm interested in Minnesota. Send me facts.

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All inquiries held in strict confidence.

It's good to be in Minnesota

## LETTERS

dialysis problem and expense could be avoided. Individuals should make known to their families and physicians that they wish to donate any usable organs to a medical center at the time of their death.

MRS. LEONARD J. PERLOFF  
Philadelphia

■ *The Uniform Anatomical Gift Act, permitting the donation of organs, including kidneys, by a simple declaration on a wallet card, has now been approved by all 50 states.*

## If I Were Pope

Sir / More voices should speak out against the murders and bombings in Northern Ireland [Dec. 27]. The Pope, the Irish cardinal, each bishop, priest and minister was ordained after *Christus* (another Christ), and yet they do not act the way Christ would.

If I were the Pope today, I would go to Belfast, excommunicate known murderers (after conviction at a legal trial), denounce and remove each priest and bishop who did not go out to his flock and restore order. I would go into the pubs, homes and meeting places of all the people. I would hold an ecumenical service in each Christian church and knock on any door where I might bring peace.

Where are the good shepherds who would lay down their lives to save their sheep?

JOHN D. SULLIVAN  
Yonkers, N.Y.

## Rights of Age

Sir / It is high time to remember and acknowledge, as you did in your report on the White House Conference on Aging [Dec. 13], how much the elder citizens have done and toiled for the now middle-aged and younger citizens, during the first half of this century.

I am now 85 and a survivor of shell wounds at Chateau-Thierry in World War I. It is more than high time to restrain the excessive demands of the younger people. Some of the claims of youth may be quite right when ambition does not exceed the mark; but older people, too, have full rights to be heard, and should not be shunted aside.

ANDREW V. DUNCAN  
San Diego, Calif.

## Challenger v. Charger

Sir / The Dodge Challenger was not, as TIME said, formerly the Charger [Dec. 13]. The Challenger was introduced in 1970 as a new line. The Charger, a personal-sized sporty car that does not compare with any of the others you show on your graph, was introduced in 1966, and is still in production after two major styling changes.

R.D. WHITELAW  
Union, N.J.

## Kent State Mothers Speak

Sir / May we, the mothers of the four killed at Kent State, express our horror at your conclusion that the dropping of 20 indictments by the State of Ohio heralds the passing of this tragedy "into history."

We believe that this is a nation of laws, wherein violators, whoever they may be, are accountable to the people through our courts and juries of their

What a good time for all the good things of a Kent.

Mild, smooth taste. King size or Deluxe 100's.  
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# Sounds 'n Kent!



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## Do people own Cadillacs because they get more out of life, or...

do people get more out of life because they own Cadillacs? It's hard to say. Because Cadillacs have been an integral part of the good life for 70 years now. In prestige, in performance, in pure driving pleasure, probably nothing offers more deep-seated satisfaction than owning a Cadillac. Perhaps no

other car receives such universal admiration and respect. Or can contribute more to your driving peace of mind. Small wonder Cadillac resale value is traditionally the highest of any car built in the land. The only question remaining is: Do you visit your authorized Cadillac dealer today...or tomorrow?



**There's no question about this.** Real progress is being made by Cadillac and others in the massive effort to remove the automobile from the air pollution problem. You can help by using no-lead or low-lead fuels. Getting a tune-up regularly. Having the emission control systems on your car checked often. Thank you, Cadillac Motor Car Division.

*Cadillac*





## She Needs Your Love

ELVINE MILLER

## Harwich Port, Mass.

Eastlake, Ohio

A black and white photograph of a young child standing outdoors. The child is looking upwards and to the right with a curious expression. They are wearing a dark, possibly leather, jacket with a light-colored patch on the lower left side, and light-colored pants. The background is a bright, textured surface, likely snow or sand, which is slightly out of focus. The lighting is soft, highlighting the child's face and clothing.

**Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in:** India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Yonge, Toronto? T1401

9

### AMERICAN NOTES

#### Oh, Rats

Has Richard Nixon added a court astrologer to his already massive staff? On the Chinese calendar, the lunar year 4670 starts on Feb. 15, and will be known as the Year of the Rat. The President plans to arrive in Peking on Feb. 21, the seventh and most auspicious day of the Chinese New Year observance. If the sun shines on that day, according to the Chinese folklore, the whole year will be a bright one for mankind.

The rat is the first in the Chinese cycle of symbolic animals, and so the Year of the Rat is the beginning of a new era. Generally it is supposed to be a time of timidity and meanness. It may turn out to be good for international relations, but it is not recommended for marriage. Astrologers in Hong Kong say that the rat is a bad omen for connubial bliss, so unusually large numbers of Chinese couples there have recently been marrying in order to beat the deadline next month.

#### Malaise and My Lai

Two-thirds of Americans think most of their fellow citizens, if ordered, would "shoot all the inhabitants of a Vietnamese village suspected of aiding the enemy, including old men, women and children." Such was the finding of a poll commissioned by two Harvard scholars. Unsurprisingly, then, by a ratio of better than 5 to 3, the 989 Americans interviewed thought that Lieut. William Calley Jr. should not have been brought to trial for his part in the massacre at My Lai.

That is dismaying enough in the face of the evidence presented at Calley's court-martial. What is still more worrisome, though, is a conclusion drawn by researchers that indicates a national social malaise. Americans toward the lower end of the economic scale felt most strongly that Calley was only rightfully following orders. Their judgment, says Professor Herbert Kelman, one of the scholars who prepared the study, "reflects their whole relationship to society, the feeling that they are pawns, not independent agents." Kelman thinks that this self-assessment by poorer Americans is accurate: "In reality they are not their own agents; they in fact have no real control over national policy." He finds the situation "pathological." Realisti-

cally or not, the more prosperous people questioned in the Harvard survey felt a greater sense of responsibility for their own acts—and thus were more likely to believe that Calley should have been held to account.

#### Tripping History

The week between Christmas and New Year's is a perennial gathering time for the academic clans, who convene in hotel ballrooms around the land to discuss the use of dependent clauses

have read, ride horseback through the countryside and trip out occasionally on drugs—all in order to put himself inside Polk's psyche. Parsons' point is that historians too often neglect what he calls the "emotional dimension" of history. He is probably right, but using LSD to re-create the Spirit of '76 might make the upcoming bicentennial celebration a bit more than most Americans bargain for.

#### Liberty Liberated

The Viet Nam Veterans Against the War have a special flair for the symbolic: last spring they provided the searing spectacle of men angrily hurling medals won in Indochina against the U.S. Capitol. Last week, in quickly organized protest against the increased bombing in Viet Nam, they occupied briefly the South Vietnamese consulate in San Francisco, the Betsy Ross house



U.S. FLAG BEING FLOWN UPSIDE DOWN ON STATUE OF LIBERTY BY ANTIWAR PROTESTERS  
A quickly organized protest with a special flair for symbolism.

in Hamlet or the number of DNA molecules that can fit on the head of a pin. These occasions usually range from the merely boring to the achingly tedious. Sometimes there are exceptions, provoked by hostility or humor (see SCIENCE). Last week, at the American Historical Association meetings in New York City, Professor James Parsons of the University of California's Riverside campus proposed that his colleagues use psychedelic drugs to expand their understanding of the past.

With perceptions heightened by drugs, said Parsons, a man might "reach a greater understanding of early China by investigating the fondness that the ancient Chinese had for the particularly exotic dish of bear paws." Or a researcher who wanted to understand President James K. Polk, suggested the professor, could hole up for two years in an ante-hellum Tennessee mansion, read the books Polk would

near Philadelphia's Independence Hall, the Lincoln Memorial in Washington and the Statue of Liberty.

The New York City group, 15 strong, held out for two days, barricaded inside the statue's base with timbers being used to build an immigration museum. While demonstrators elsewhere were arrested, the New York men were allowed to leave with impunity in compliance with a court order obtained by the Government. They created another vivid image when, from between the points of the statue's crown, they flew a large U.S. flag upside down, as a distress signal. Once the Statue of Liberty meant a new life for generations of immigrants; the protesters chose to convey a considerably more somber message. Yet the statue and what it stands for have survived worse crises than the Viet Nam War, and withstood graver challenges than the veterans' occupation.

NEW YORK: NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

POLITICS

# Off and Running for '72

FLORIDA was packed with seasonal celebrities last week—everyone from President Nixon and West German Chancellor Willy Brandt to Jimmy Hoffa and Moms Mabley. Hotel rooms in Miami were solidly booked with fans who had come to watch the Orange Bowl game as well as the play-off between the Miami Dolphins and the Baltimore Colts. The Sunny Palm Lodge, a nudist colony, reported a 25% increase in business over last year. Amid all the hoopla, the big political event of the week was the arrival in Miami of New York's newly Democratic Mayor John Lindsay, who announced that he was running for President and would enter the Florida and Wisconsin primaries.

Facing 36 microphones in a small hotel room jammed with people pushing for space, the mayor struck a rather frenetic populist note. He was the only candidate, he declared, who was not running from a position of power in Washington. "Washington is a capital closed to the ordinary citizen," he said, "but open to the bankrupt corporate giants, foreign dictators and to those wealthy enough to buy privileged protection with campaign cash. There are too many politicians speaking from Washington, and there are too few speaking to Washington from America. Any single week as mayor of New York, confronting crime, disease and stunted lives, has taught me more about America than all my years in Washington." He will base his campaign on the people—partly out of necessity, his staff admitted. No big names have been rounded up for Lindsay.

**Blue Eyes.** But the crowds that turned out for the mayor were encouraging. They oohed, they aahed, and they touched Lindsay moved smoothly, confidently, charismatically through a bustling shopping center. His Florida chairman, State Senator Edmond Giong, declared how he would sound the bell for his candidate: "We're going to do a lot of walking." The schedule went without a hitch, thanks to the planning of Advance Man Sid Davidoff, who had run into initial hostility in Miami. He had been kicked out of his hotel for walking his dog Horse in the lobby and by the pool. The only overt sign of anti-Lindsay sentiment was a quarter-page ad taken in the Miami News by some Forest Hills, N.Y., residents who are up in arms over a low-income housing project that is being built in their neighborhood. Warned the ad: "Don't let those penetrating blue eyes and polished acting skills hide the real John Lindsay."

After a day's vigorous campaigning, Lindsay left balmy Miami for snow-laden Wisconsin, where he struck

out for Madison and Milwaukee as well as small cities and hamlets like Eau Claire, La Crosse, Cadott (pop. 977). His family, who accompanied him, gave him spirited support. His wife Mary was in a particularly candid mood. Asked rather prematurely what kind of First Lady she would make, Mary replied: "I'm too lazy to be an Eleanor Roosevelt. I'm not sure everybody is made to have causes." In the clear, crisp air of Eau Claire, Mary told the crowd: "John doesn't like to breathe air he can't see." Not too amused, Lindsay reminded her that he had improved the air in New York City by 30%. "Oh, I'm sorry, dear," she replied. "I forgot."

While Lindsay made his brisk moves, the other candidates were laying plans of their own. A surprise was sprung by Democratic Senator Vance Hartke, who indicated that he would join the long list of Democratic contenders. He was best qualified, he felt, to articulate the populist program that the times require. Though Edmund Muskie went skiing in Maine last week, he is due to declare his candidacy on television this week. Hubert Humphrey, who will announce on Jan. 10, had a rough time in Philadelphia, where he attended the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Obstreperous radicals tossed tomatoes and paper airplanes at him as he tried to speak and pressured him into signing a statement calling for the U.S. to renounce support of the Thieu regime in South Viet Nam.

The Lindsay candidacy has added to the confusion in Democratic ranks. No one expects him to win the nomination, but he has the capacity to keep some other people from getting it. He will be amply financed: one of his backers, Industrialist J. Irwin Miller, has reportedly pledged \$2,000,000 to his campaign. Lindsay plans to make the most of his television appeal. His campaign will be concentrated, his aides say, in "media-oriented states," where the impression he creates is supposed to make voters forget his troubles in New York.

Lindsay's Democratic rivals gave his candidacy a cool reception. "I would say he is a slow learner. It took him 20 years to learn that he is a Democrat," said Scoop Jackson, who this week is scheduled to start what he calls a "Harry Truman" barnstorming tour of the state's northern counties. Least pleased was George McGovern, who now must share his left-leaning constituency with Lindsay. There is obviously room for only one of them in the race, and Lindsay is given the edge. He creates more



LINDSAY CAMPAIGNING IN MILWAUKEE



PRESIDENTIAL CONTENDER HARTKE



ASHBROOK ANNOUNCING HIS CANDIDACY  
A time of confusion and surprise.

## THE NATION

excitement than McGovern, who has never managed to get more than 8% of the vote in the polls in spite of a well-oiled organization. "I don't think Lindsay kills us," says a McGovern aide, "but he certainly hurts us."

Although the New Hampshire primary is the earliest, the March 14 Florida primary will be the first crucial test for the candidates, and none of them are looking forward to it. It looms as the biggest threat to Front-Runner Muskie, whose staff is spreading the word that Florida will not mean all that much. With the vote split among a flock of liberal Democrats, George Wallace is given a good chance of winning. That would almost put an end to the hopes of Jackson, who has declared that he must win the primary or come close to it to stay in the race. Humphrey, too, must make a good showing if he expects to have a chance of overtaking Muskie. Lindsay aides claim that 20% of the vote would be a victory of sorts; indeed it would, since not much more may be necessary to win in a field of some eight or nine candidates.

**Elan Vital.** After complacently enjoying the Democrats in disarray, the Republicans now have an in-house problem of their own. John Ashbrook, a virtually unknown Congressman from Ohio, announced that he would challenge the President in New Hampshire and maybe in later primaries as well. Nixon, he complained, has deserted his conservatism. The Administration does not anticipate much trouble from California Congressman Paul McCloskey, who is seeking liberal Republican votes in New Hampshire. But Ashbrook could prove to be more of a threat. Though upset over many of the President's policies, the conser-

## The President Entertains the Chancellor

**W**ILLY BRANDT's two-day visit with President Nixon last week almost began on the wrong foot. A soldier narrowly escaped injury when the door of the presidential helicopter was lowered on him as he smoothed the red carpet for the West German Chancellor's arrival. The talks, one of a series with allied leaders before Nixon's trips to Peking and Moscow, produced the now-familiar pomp and reassuring communications, but were in fact of special significance. In pursuit of his *Ostpolitik*, Brandt has become the Western leader most familiar with the opportunities and trials of negotiating with the Communist worlds. His insights into Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev, although not mentioned publicly, were

nonetheless part of Nixon's preparations for the Moscow summit.

Brandt sought reassurances of American commitment to current NATO troop levels in Western Europe and promises that the U.S. and the Soviet Union would not attempt bilateral reductions. Agreement was reached on both points, then underscored by the appointment of former Treasury Secretary David Kennedy, 66, as Ambassador to NATO. Kennedy has been ambassador-at-large since he stepped aside in favor of John Connally at the Treasury last February. His appointment is meant to signal U.S. allies of American resolve to work within the European alliance, regardless of the new overtures to the East.

vative wing of the party has so far been loyal. Ashbrook gives them another option. He claims not to be interested in winning the presidency, just in "reforming" the President. "We have seen him lead the triumphant charge of the Red Chinese into the United Nations," said Ashbrook. "We have seen our ally of 30 years' standing, Nationalist China, cynically expelled while we stood by and did effectively nothing." He accused Nixon of dangerously paring the defense budget, while running up the "largest, most outrageous string of deficits in American peacetime history."

Ashbrook does not have much visible support. The leading Republican conservatives have denounced him. Barry Goldwater called his candidacy a "threat to the entire party, the entire country, the entire free world and freedom itself." His most prominent backer is the *National Review*, which has been picking quarrels with Nixon for some time. Agnew was sent to New York to try to dissuade Publisher William Rusher and Editor William Buckley, but they stuck to their principles. Wrote Buckley: "Mr. Ashbrook's entry into the race is the expression of an *elan vital* in the conservative movement, which has been strangely muted during the past several years in Congress, where the stout old soldiers of conservatism used to do round-the-clock duty."

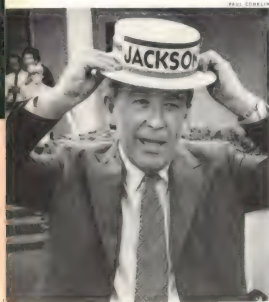
While trying to contain Ashbrook, the White House is not unduly worried. "I don't see anybody jumping off the roof," says Presidential Aide Harry Dent. Since Ashbrook has the support of William Loeb's Manchester *Union Leader* in New Hampshire, he might be able to outpoll McCloskey. But unless Ashbrook takes close to 20% of the vote, he is not likely to hurt the President. The White House expects to hold the middle ground, losing a little on both extremes to the opposition—just where Nixon hopes to pitch his re-election camp.

## The New Technology

The American voter in 1972 may well be visited by a public opinion analyst who will never ask how he is going to vote, but will go away knowing precisely how he will. He may later receive a letter—written and signed by a computer—addressed to him by name, repeating his surname in the body of the letter, and ending with what appears to be the authentic signature of a candidate. The letter may mention the voter's concern for the environment, his wife's ethnic heritage or the fact that he has three children in college. The voter may even answer the telephone and hear a familiar voice saying: "Good evening, this is President Nixon speaking to you by way of a recording."

What the voter will be experiencing this year is the new political technology, a combination of sophisticated polling techniques and computerization that has already met with startling success. Employing such methods, Hubert Humphrey won re-election to the Senate in 1970 by one of the largest margins of his career; in a year when voter totals were down, the turnout in Democratic districts in Minnesota rose from 7% to 20%. Similarly, Senator Quentin Burdick of North Dakota was thought to be in a close race, but he turned to the technologists and won by almost a 2-to-1 margin. In Nashville, Tenn., skeptical but desperate backers of former Senator Albert Gore utilized the computer technique, and Gore carried the city. "If we had done the same thing statewide," says Gore's Nashville manager James Sasser, "he'd have been re-elected."

The magic of the new technology is that it allows the candidate to identify and respond to the demands of the electorate as never before. At the push of a button, he can command a list of the names of voters who support him—and thus require only his limited attention—or a "sway" list of



WASHINGTON'S JACKSON IN FLORIDA  
For him, the big test.





independent and undecided voters, who should get more of his time. Properly programmed, the computer can identify subgroups by occupation, ethnic origin, even hobbies, then dispatch "personal" letters, circulars or telephone messages as needed. Surveys have shown that personal messages, even when identified as coming from a computer, are highly effective and often cheaper than television spots. One firm charges from \$10,000 to \$13,500 per congressional district; a one-minute TV commercial can cost as much as \$20,000.

The mechanics of the new political technology are an artful blending of the old and the new. Once signed on by a candidate, most successful computer-data firms begin by lining up volunteers to obtain voter-registration lists, which are transmitted to punch cards. These lists are supplemented with the names of the non-registered, who then become the target of a massive telephone survey. In 1970, for example, Valentine, Sherman & Associates, the firm that worked on Humphrey's return to the Senate, called and classified people in more than 750,000 homes in Minnesota.

**Leverage Issue.** By asking such questions as occupation of the head of the household, number of children or senior citizens and union affiliations, the canvassers put together a composite of each family voting unit. Questions about party preference (whom the husband voted for in the last election and whether others voted the same way) help reveal how the members of the household feel about a candidate. The answers are fed into the computer, and permit the candidate to reach any number of voter groupings. Remarkably few of those questioned—around 8%—refused to cooperate.

Lengthy, wide-ranging interviews that can be analyzed by computer are another device of the new technology; they may be used separately or in combination with the telephone canvass.

"It isn't enough to ask someone how he will vote," says Tully Plesser, president of Cambridge Opinion Studies Inc., one of the more successful firms in the field. "He may not tell you the truth, he may try to foul up your survey, he may tell you what he thinks you want to hear and then behave the opposite way in the voters' booth." Instead, Plesser and others like him attempt to determine the "leverage" issue, the issue that may decide how an individual votes. The end of the Viet Nam War may be important to the voter, Plesser says, but prayer in the schools may be a leverage issue. The voter may like George McGovern better on all the important issues, but still vote for Richard Nixon if he is right on the leverage issues.

Accordingly, voters may be asked to describe their concept of a good President. If they say, for example, that a President's concern for minority groups is important to them, they will be asked to rate that on a scale of one to five in importance and then to evaluate the candidates in relation to that factor. If a voter volunteers that he is for a particular candidate, the pollster may ask him how he would talk his neighbor out of voting for that candidate in order to test just how solidly the voter is committed and to find out what the candidate's weak spots are.

Undoubtedly the new technicians like Plesser and former Hubert Humphrey Press Secretary Norman Sherman of Valentine, Sherman will play a major role in the '72 elections and perhaps a decisive one thereafter. It is not an altogether reassuring vista. George Orwell would have no difficulty imagining a gray election year in the future in which a nationwide computer network, having probed, polled and classified the American electorate, projects how the public would vote. On that basis, it would then appoint the next President—without a single ballot being cast.

## TRIALS

### Congressman Convicted

Texas Democratic Congressman John Dowdy has long been a champion of morality of sorts. As a church-going district attorney in the 1940s, he once prosecuted a black rape suspect so viciously, calling him, among other epithets, "a lustful animal," that a higher court ordered a new trial. As a 19-year Congressman, he introduced bills to prevent the homosexual Mattachine Society from collecting funds in the capital, and to outlaw as obscene those publications that feature "intrigues between men and women and immoral conduct of persons." More substantively, he led a subcommittee investigation of builders and real estate operators who were making large



TEXAN DOWDY IN HIS OFFICE  
Sweetening the air.

## THE NATION

profits from urban renewal projects.

Last week, after a complex trial in Baltimore that lasted 28 days, Congressman Dowdy, 59, stood convicted of bribery, conspiracy and perjury. The charges grew out of his dealings with Nathan Cohen, whose now-defunct construction firm had been accused of the kinds of violations that Dowdy's committee was ostensibly attacking. Dowdy, a parochial politician whose strength stems from his attention to voter complaints and requests,<sup>6</sup> thus became the 15th sitting Congressman convicted of crimes in this century. The most recent was the 1956 income-tax-evasion conviction of Massachusetts Democrat Thomas J. Lane.

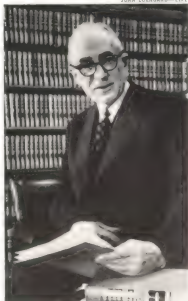
**Complaints.** While the details of the Government's case were laboriously argued at the trial, the jury was convinced of the essential charges, finding Dowdy guilty on all eight counts. The Justice Department pictured Cohen as a slick operator from Baltimore whose Monarch Construction Co. grossed more than \$2,000,000 from home improvements in the Washington area between 1963 and 1965. Complaints about high costs and shoddy workmanship caused the Federal Housing Authority to investigate Monarch, banks were warned by the FHA, money became scarce and the company folded. When the Justice Department began its own investigation, Cohen panicked and sought help from Dowdy.

Cohen's scheme for avoiding prosecution was to get Dowdy to call him before his subcommittee, thereby enabling Cohen to testify about his own fraudulent practices at Monarch and then be granted immunity from prosecution for his testimony. Cohen assigned Myrvin Clark, Monarch's sales manager, to approach Dowdy. The deal, according to the Government, was that Dowdy would call Cohen if paid \$25,000. Clark, who had earlier pleaded guilty to a charge of transporting the bribe money, testified that he gave Dowdy \$25,000 in a briefcase at the Atlanta airport on Sept. 22, 1965. Dowdy, according to the Government, later told Cohen that he could not be granted immunity, but that he had talked to federal prosecutors and had fixed the case. Actually, all he did was to learn from an assistant U.S. attorney that a work backlog at Justice would prevent the intricate Cohen case from coming to trial for years, if at all.

Post Office officials in 1969 began probing Monarch for mail fraud, and Cohen was charged by the Securities and Exchange Commission with fraud and securities violations in a stock deal. He hit upon a new way to get off with the lightest possible penalty—by helping the Government to con-

vict Dowdy of accepting a bribe. The jury heard tape recordings of telephone conversations and from devices planted by the FBI on Cohen in which he discussed the \$25,000 bribe with Dowdy. Cohen pleaded guilty to a mail fraud charge and was given a suspended sentence. Dowdy now faces a possible maximum sentence of 40 years in prison and a \$40,000 fine.

Permitted to remain free pending appeal, Dowdy said that he will not resign from Congress but refused to comment on the verdict. Federal Prosecutor Stephen H. Sachs said that the case dispels some of the "skepticism, much of it soundly based, as to whether the judicial system apprehends the fat cat and the power figure. The political air smells a little sweeter after the conviction of a senior Congressman."



HARLAN BEFORE HIS RETIREMENT

## SUPREME COURT

### The Judges' Judge

As a young Manhattan lawyer, John Marshall Harlan advised a colleague elated over disproving 21 of 23 assertions made by an opposition claimant to lorgo celebration. It would be better, said Harlan, to nail down the discrepancies in the remaining two points. The thoroughness of the lawyer became the hallmark of the Supreme Court Justice. Harlan's death of spinal cancer last week at age 72, following his retirement in September, ended a 16-year career as one of the most notable professional craftsmen ever to serve on the Supreme Court.

Like the grandfather for whom he was named, Harlan was a dissenter, a conservative dedicated to the doctrine of judicial restraint during the Warren Court era of judicial activism.

Nominated to the court by President Eisenhower in 1954, he followed the philosophy of his mentor, Felix Frankfurter, in arguing for a limited judicial role in political and social issues, and the strict separation of state and federal responsibilities. When Frankfurter retired in 1962, Harlan and the late Hugo L. Black remained as the intellectual pillars of the court.

**Lucid Scholarship.** In the years that followed, Black and Harlan built their philosophies, and influenced their colleagues on the bench, with a series of contrapuntal decisions—respectful, scholarly, and less rigid than critics of either justice usually granted. Harlan's role was that of the professional conscience of the court. In lucid opinions steeped in legal scholarship and devoted to precedent, Harlan paced off the limits of federal jurisdiction in such areas as legislative reapportionment, the right of states to control pornography and impose poll taxes. He spoke out against votes for 18-year-olds, and against decisions that required police to advise suspects of their right to an attorney. In each term between 1963 and 1967, Harlan cast an average of 63 dissenting votes against a majority usually headed by Black.

To Harlan, those rulings he opposed took the court outside its constitutional mandate. In his dissenting opinion in the one-man, one-vote reapportionment case, Harlan set forth his philosophy: "These decisions give support to a current mistaken view that every major social ill in this country can find its cure in some constitutional 'principle' and that this court should 'take the lead' in promoting reform when other branches of government fail to act."

For all his disavowal of liberal activism, Harlan could hardly be classified as a reflex conservative. He consistently joined the majority opinions requiring the dismantling of separate schools and public facilities. His espousal of First Amendment guarantees of free speech set him squarely against some of the Nixon Administration's law-and-order measures. In a case on electronic eavesdropping, he decried the possible loss of "that spontaneity—reflected in frivolous, impetuous, sacrilegious and defiant discourse—that liberates daily life."

Even to his most persistent legal critics Harlan was known as a judge's judge. Notes Harvard Constitutional Law Expert Paul Freund: "His thinking threw light in a very introspective way on the entire process of the judicial function. His decisions, beyond just the vote they represented, were sufficiently philosophical to be of enduring interest. He decided the case before him with that respect for its particulars, its special features, that marks alike the honest artist and the just judge."

<sup>6</sup> He also sends notes of condolence to survivors mentioned in his district's obituary column, even a man jailed for murdering his wife once got one.

## THE WAR

# The Men Who Cannot Come Home

**WARREN FREDERICK**, 24, leads a happy, uncomplicated existence. He shares an apartment in a high-rise building in suburban Toronto with a bachelor buddy, works as a weather forecaster for a local radio station and private industry. Like many Americans in his trade, Frederick learned his meteorology in the U.S. Air Force. Unlike many, however, Frederick, disillusioned with the U.S., left the Air Force 2½ years before his hitch was up and fled to Canada rather than accept his country's involvement in Viet Nam. Nor does he wish to return to stay. He scorns the notion of an amnesty because it suggests he is guilty of something (see *TIME* ESSAY, next page). "I don't think I did anything wrong," he says. "At least I did what I had to do. I don't think I have to be forgiven for what was morally right. That's not my impression of amnesty." Back home in Johnston, Pa., his mother, Mrs. Betty Frederick, goes along: "Some parents disown their sons for this, but I can't. If he feels that this is right, who am I to say it is not?"

**No Crime.** Many of the estimated 70,000 American draft dodgers and deserters—concentrated mainly in Canada and Sweden—profess to share Frederick's feeling that amnesty proposals are irrelevant and even insulting. Indeed, they believe that there is a prevalent misconception in the U.S. that those who have escaped from military service are a sorry breed of men without a country, steeped in expatriate misery, who want only to be exonerated and allowed to return to their native land. Says Bob Anderson, 21, Frederick's roommate, who also deserted from the Air Force: "I don't think I committed any great crime by not wanting to go to Viet Nam. I personally feel that Canada is a better place to live. The life-style is much freer."

A Brooklyn-born Puerto Rican agrees: "There's more space here, space where people can do things for themselves with less pressure, experiment with things. I have found Canada to be a very good school—a place for learning on all levels." Comments Robert Gardner, 50, the coordinator of the Canadian Council of Churches' ministry to U.S. draft-age immigrants in Canada: "Everything written and broadcast in the U.S. has been done so from the perspective that dodgers are poor, sad, lonely exiles. This is nonsense. Certainly the decision and act may have tragic implications. But many dodgers have made new and successful lives for themselves."

Gardner breaks down America's *émigrés* into two distinct categories. The first group, he says, "were privileged young men from an educated class. They are reflective and politically

aware. They arrived here with monetary resources and with plans because they had made their decision carefully." The other group is composed of dodgers or deserters from working-class backgrounds with scanty formal education, who have run the border impulsively, often with no money and no immediate plans. He claims that the vast majority of that group are faring well too. "They have interesting jobs and adapt quickly to Canada," says Gardner. "Many of them are no longer exiles. They've become new Canadians."

Many other young war resisters

from Army bases in Germany. Drugs have been a nagging problem in the major cities. Sweden is a tightly structured society, and some Americans have found it as difficult to conform to the Scandinavian brand of red tape as to military life. Then, too, they are often disappointed to find they can only scrape up menial jobs. As one ex-serviceman growled in a television interview: "I didn't come to Sweden to wash dishes."

**Families.** Despite these difficulties, many have found a new and permanent way of life, which frequently includes wives and families. More often than not, they do so with economic and educational assistance from the government. Says one, a two-year resident who is attending a free 50-week shipwright course and receiving



**AMERICAN DESERTERS & DRAFT RESISTERS CONFERRING IN STOCKHOLM**

For many, few regrets about a permanent new way of life.

have become new Swedes. The first U.S. Army deserter landed in Sweden in 1967 after the escalation of the Viet Nam War. Since then, 660 Americans of military age have applied for permission to live in Sweden. It is not automatically granted; the standards for acceptance set up by the Swedish government stipulate that the dodgers and deserters must demonstrate that they were very probably in line for shipment to Indochina. As a statement from the Swedish chapter of Amnesty International carefully points out: "We have helped draft resisters and deserters in a humanitarian way if they have been destitute. That's all. We haven't mixed in policy matters."

Because of language and cultural differences, Sweden has experienced more problems with young escapees than Canada. By far the largest majority of these are deserters, principally

a living allowance to boot: "There's no way I would go back. I'm getting an education and learning how to do something I want to do." Adds Herb Rains, 22, a former Army reservist who now works as a counselor for incoming resisters in Malmö: "There's simply nothing for me to go back to. I'm very much involved in the Swedish way of life, and I like it."

There is a kind of vagrant *esprit* among the exiles that keeps negative comment or complaint to a minimum. If indeed an amnesty or pardon were offered, many would doubtless elect to come home, particularly as the years accumulate. As Mike Powers, spokesman for the American Deserters Committee in Sweden, says: "Sure we want to go home, but we won't until the U.S. stops all its bombings, until there's total withdrawal from Indochina and the people there are left in peace to decide their own future."

# The Pros and Cons of Granting Amnesty

**S**HOULD draft resisters and deserters be given amnesty? Or should they continue to be prosecuted and forced to remain in exile? The question is one of the most difficult the country confronts as the bitter war winds to its conclusion. Until recently, even longtime opponents of the war have shied away from this emotionally charged issue. President Nixon, his chin outthrust, answered the question with one firm word—no—at a press conference in November. But with an end to the war in sight and an all-volunteer Army on the near horizon, the topic is gaining currency. Ohio's Republican Senator Robert Taft Jr., a Republican with impeccable credentials, went so far last month as to introduce a bill to grant amnesty to draft resisters—with the stiff provision that it be coupled with three years in compensatory military or civilian federal service.

Others would go much further. Groups are being formed round the country to bring pressure to bear on Congress and the Administration to grant amnesty, and the American Civil Liberties Union is opening an office in New York this week to coordinate their efforts. The question may be one of the emotional issues of the presidential campaign. Though the Democratic front runner, Senator Edmund Muskie, believes that the matter should not even be discussed until the war is over, other Democratic contenders, Senator George McGovern and New York's Mayor John Lindsay, have taken positions in direct opposition to Nixon. McGovern has announced that if he is elected, he will grant amnesty to all draft resisters (but, like Taft, he would not give it to deserters). Lindsay has taken a position similar to Taft's, though he would require two, rather than three years of work in the national interest.

The new youth vote will probably favor amnesty. "If a candidate expects to have young people going door to door in his behalf, he'd better get right on amnesty," says Charles Porter, a former Congressman from Oregon and head of the National Committee for Amnesty Now. Many older people, especially those who have had sons in Viet Nam, would undoubtedly be just as vehemently against it. The political advantages on either side are difficult to assess, but on balance, it seems that this year a position that favors complete amnesty, without some kind of compensatory work, would be a political minus that could cost

any candidate votes from the center.

Yet the issue itself transcends politics and comes down to a basic moral question: Is amnesty justified under the circumstances?

The first recorded amnesty was granted by Athens in 403 B.C. to most of those who had collaborated with Athens' Spartan conquerors after the Peloponnesian War. (The word itself is from the Greek *amnesia*, which means "forgetfulness.") The Romans, on occasion, continued the custom, which they called *restitutio in integrum*, and many other states since then have granted amnesty to achieve

to lower-ranking members of the Confederacy in December 1863. That, of course, was 16 months before the end of the Civil War, and could be read as a shrewd tactical encouragement of defections. But Lincoln's successor, Andrew Johnson, extended the clemency to the South after the war, over the opposition of the Radical Republicans, as a way of bringing a divided nation back together. More to the point—and a better precedent for today's proponents of amnesty—would be the case of deserters from the Union itself. In March, 1865, just weeks before the war ended, Lincoln, with the approval of Congress, granted amnesty to all Union deserters, with the stipulation that they must return to their units within 60 days and serve out their enlistment periods. Those who chose not to take advantage of this offer lost their citizenship.

The question did not take on major proportions again until World War II. Sixteen months after V-J day, President Truman responded to public pressure and established a three-man Amnesty Board to determine whether those who had been convicted of refusing to fight should be further punished. The board was less than lenient, partially because World War II had wide popular support. Of the more than 15,000 cases considered, only about 1,500 men were pardoned, most of them on religious grounds. "Intellectual, political or sociological convictions" against the war were not accepted as excuses, and clemency was not granted to those who, in the board's words, "set themselves up as wiser and more competent than society to determine their duty to come to the defense of the nation."

Since the Viet Nam War is unlike any in the nation's history, perhaps no precedent should be sought in history. Nearly everyone, even those few who still favor pursuing the war, now agrees that the U.S. should never have become involved in the way it did. Why punish those, ask the proponents of amnesty, who saw the light first? Many Americans have been against the war, but because they were ineligible through age, sex or infirmity, were not forced to back up their beliefs with their lives and careers. Why persecute those who, because they were young and eligible, did put their lives behind their convictions? Those now in exile or in jail, add the supporters of amnesty, include some of the most intelligent, the best educated and the most passionately concerned men of



PHILOSOPHER SOCRATES

A moral issue.

reconciliation after a civil war or a period of internal strife. France, which has seen more such conflict than most countries, has made amnesty almost a habit: the latest example occurred in 1968 when right-wing opponents of Charles de Gaulle's Algerian policy were forgiven their earlier campaign of terror. Britain, with a more placid history, has had less reason to grant amnesty; it did so, however, after its civil war in the 17th century, after the Restoration of Charles II a few years later, and again in the 18th century to those who took part in the second Jacobite rebellion.

Like Britain, the U.S. luckily has not until now had much occasion to grant amnesty. There is precedent for it, however. George Washington pardoned those who participated in the so-called Whiskey Rebellion in 1794, and Abraham Lincoln offered forgiveness



their generation. Most of them are a gain for their homes of exile, particularly Canada, where the majority live, and equally clearly, they are a great loss to the U.S. Why should the country so willingly, even perversely, suffer such a drain on its talent and spirit?

Beyond that, there is a practical argument in favor of amnesty. Many deserters, perhaps a majority, are already being quietly discharged, mostly because many military commands are unwilling to go through complicated prosecution procedures. The most celebrated recent example was the case of eight sailors who deserted last October from the carrier *Constellation* as it made ready to depart for Indochina, and took refuge in a San Diego church. All received a general discharge from the Navy under honorable conditions, which carries no penalty and only slight stigma. Is it fair to let some go and not others, or to create a situation in which it is wiser to desert than to resist the draft? The FBI, after all, boasts of its record in catching resisters. Uneven justice is no justice. Another highly persuasive argument for amnesty: no other action could be as effective in persuading the young that once again they can trust the humanity of their Government. In this sense, amnesty would serve its traditional function: healing angry wounds.

The case against complete amnesty is more compelling, however. Perhaps 70,000 men evaded the war—though no one has anything like an accurate figure. What about the 3,000,000 others who fought in it, 55,000 of whom died? In effect, say its opponents, amnesty would tell the man who fought or was wounded—or the survivors of the man who died—that he should have had better sense and sat out the war in Stockholm or Toronto. This is the emotional crux of the problem: Would it be fair to those who fought to forgive those who refused?

More practically, how could the U.S. ever field an army of draftees again if it established the precedent that draft evasion will be forgiven? An act of compassion and mercy now, however well-intentioned, might cost the country its freedom at some time in the future. And while amnesty might reconcile one group, say the opponents, it would embitter many Americans. Healing some wounds, it would exacerbate others, they contend. Senator Taft can attest to the bitterness of those who oppose amnesty. He asked one protester what should be done about draft evaders if his plan is rejected. The answer: "Shoot them."

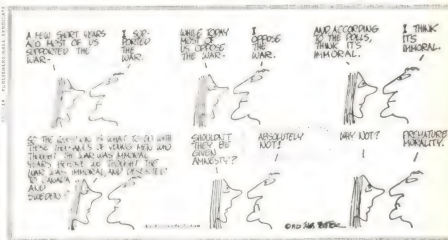
One further technical point against amnesty is the difficulty in separating the draft evader from the deserter, as Senators McGovern and Taft both do. They would give amnesty only to resisters, presumably on the premise

that it is not as bad to avoid service as it is to desert once in. Desertion still sounds like unpardonable cowardice to most Americans. In a sense, this distinction may be discriminatory. An uneducated farm boy from Mississippi probably would not have had the knowledge to evade the draft: any college boy could pick it up in an hour. Or, on the other hand, perhaps the deserter did not oppose the war until he saw it firsthand. Should he therefore be penalized? If amnesty is granted, it should in fairness be given to both draft evaders and deserters.

After all the other arguments are made, two bedrock questions remain, one profoundly moral, one eminently practical. Does the individual have the right to decide which laws or which wars he will support? If he does, can the U.S. Government—or any government—survive? The draft evaders and deserters claim that they are serving a higher law than the Se-

which he will disobey. "In war, and in the court of justice, and everywhere," Socrates told Crito before he drank the hemlock, "you must do whatever your state and your country tell you to do, or you must persuade them that their commands are unjust." For each man unilaterally to veto the law would create anarchy—a kind of immorality of its own. The precedent of Nuremberg, it might be added, applied only to the high officials of the Nazi government, those who had substantial freedom. The ordinary officer or soldier was not held responsible because he did not have the right to question Hitler's orders.

Yet there are some laws, even in a democratic society, that are so unjust that any man of conscience and determination cannot obey them. Segregation laws that discriminate against race are the best recent example in the U.S. Opponents of the war would say that service in Viet Nam is another. In that case, the conflict



lective Service Law—the law of morality. They might quote St. Thomas Aquinas. "Human law," he wrote, "does not bind a man in conscience, and if it conflicts with the higher law, human law should not be obeyed." That is a maxim followed by all who have broken the law as a matter of conscience, from Thoreau and Gandhi to Martin Luther King and the brothers Berrigan. The principle that a man's conscience takes precedence over the dictates of his government was reinforced at the Nuremberg war crimes trials, which rejected the claims of Hitler's lieutenants that they were only following orders.

Historically, however, democratic states have countered that they represent the people's will and the people's morality. They are merely instruments, not ends in themselves. If he has a legitimate means of registering his dissent, the citizen cannot take illegitimate means or decide for himself which laws he will obey and

between the two arguments is in a sense insoluble, and the answer is not at all satisfactory: the law must be disobeyed, but the law's penalty must be accepted. That is the solution of the Thoreaus, the Gandhis and the Kings, and it must be the solution for the current resisters and deserters as well. The country can appreciate their courage and their convictions, but cannot excuse them from the consequences of breaking the law.

To say this, however, does not exclude mercy or suggest a vengeful policy. After the war finally ends and passions have cooled, a conditional amnesty should be granted. Under it, the exiles should be offered the right to return, and those imprisoned for draft resistance should be released—provided that they are willing to accept certain conditions. One of these might be some kind of compensatory service, perhaps, as has been proposed, in a poverty program or in the peacetime military. That is far from an ideal solution—but it may just be the best.

PREVIEW OF 1972

## At Last, the Year of Real Recovery

A YEAR from now, most Americans will be earning more than they are today and enjoying the first real gain in buying power since 1968. The outlook for the economy in 1972 can be summed up simply: growth. Old-fashioned rapid, sustained growth. Best of all, real growth in incomes, jobs, profits, sales and production, rather than the illusory rise in dollar totals that comes from inflation.

That is the unanimous opinion of TIME's Board of Economists, and of most other analysts as well. They are not predicting a boom. Too many machines and people will remain idle for 1972 to qualify for that description. Instead, the economists foresee the kind of gains that the nation used to enjoy routinely in the first year of recovery from recession, but that somehow eluded it through all the fireworks of that otherwise spectacular economic year, 1971.

**Against the Gospel.** In terms of fundamental economic change, 1971 was easily the most exciting and eventful year since the early 1930s. Domestically, a Republican President who had preached the glories of free enterprise clamped on first a rigid wage-price freeze, then comprehensive controls of the kind usually associated with all-out war. His actions took the U.S. economy into a new world in which it is difficult to envision any Administration ever again proclaiming that private wage-price decisions are none of its business.

Internationally, the world financial system was shaken by the determined

U.S. campaign to cheapen the dollar against foreign money. The campaign climaxed three weeks ago in a sweeping realignment of currency values that cuts the dollar down to size and makes U.S. products less costly—and more competitive—in world markets. The new deal creates the opportunity for crafting a new, more realistic and more flexible system to finance global trade and investment.

Yet in terms of the numbers that mean most to businessmen, workers, consumers and investors, 1971 was a distinctly disappointing year. Real gross national product—the value of output minus the cost of inflation—rose by an anemic 3%, about half the rise that is normal for the first year of recovery from a recession. The rate of price increases declined only slowly before the freeze, averaging around 4% for the year v. 5.5% in 1970. Unemployment climbed to a peak of 6.2% in May, and hung stubbornly close to that level for most of the year. The combination of unemployment and inflation frightened consumers into a particularly wary mood, and the deficit budget that Nixon unfurled early in the year—in another philosophical defiance of G.O.P. tradition—proved insufficient to spur the spending necessary for prosperity.

At year's end, though, the Administration's do-something activism began to change economic psychology. Consumers, who had been saving an extraordinarily high 8% or more of their incomes, began to loosen their wallets and pocketbooks a bit. Christ-

mas sales at many stores bounded 8% to 10% ahead of the year earlier and set new records. An autumn surge in car sales, propelled partly by congressional removal of the \$165 average federal excise tax, carried the year's total to 10.2 million autos. The stock market, which had swung through enough ups and downs to make a chart of the year's trading look like a cutaway view of the Himalayas, put on a cliff-scaling finish. Between Thanksgiving and New Year's Eve the Dow Jones industrial average climbed 90 points, to finish the year at 890, v. 839 at the end of 1970.

The economic momentum should accelerate, making 1972 the year of real recovery. New Government stimulation of the economy is one main reason. The tax cuts just signed into law will worsen the nation's budget squeeze (see story, page 26), but will put an extra \$8 billion of spending power into the pockets of consumers and businessmen. The Labor Department plans special training and public-employment programs to fit 262,000 Viet Nam veterans into civilian jobs, and the Treasury is working out some as yet unspecified stimulants to private research. The international currency agreement has laid to rest the very real ghost of immediate world financial chaos, relieving businessmen of a nagging worry.

**New Security.** As the recovery proceeds, it should pick up some self-sustaining power. Though unemployment will remain high, layoffs will give way to new hirings in the nation's factories and offices. For the first time since 1969, the 83 million Americans who have jobs can feel secure in them. This factor should prompt some additional spending, and workers will have more money to spend even apart from tax cuts. The average work week will lengthen by perhaps 1%, meaning more pay for more hours—a form of income gain not restricted by Phase II guidelines. Finally, the very slowness of recovery last year will put more power in the pickup this year. Corporate executives, for example, kept inventories at rock bottom all through 1971. They will have to start rebuilding stockpiles as their sales increase, and their orders will raise the production of their suppliers.

The pace of the rise that all this will produce is the subject of only the most minor disagreement among economists. Rarely if ever have so many forecasters from such varied schools of economic and political thought been

CROWDS OF POST-CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS LOOKING FOR BARGAINS IN MANHATTAN



so close in their predictions. On TIME's Board of Economists, Monetarist Beryl Sprinkel and Keynesian Joseph Pechman expect almost identical rises in gross national product. The forecasts of Alan Greenspan, an occasional adviser to President Nixon, differ only slightly from those of Arthur Okun, former chief economic adviser to Lyndon Johnson (see box).

The Nixon Administration and its political opponents disagree less over what is likely to happen than over how elated the nation should feel about it. Nixon is billing 1972 as "a great year"; his critics say that the economy could and should have been performing much better much sooner. Both are correct. If the President had adopted wage-price guidelines two years ago, he might have avoided both the recession and the need for rigid controls. But largely because he did act—better late than never—the nation is heading into a strong recovery.

Members of TIME's board expect that the gross national product will climb from last year's \$1,050 billion or so to somewhere between \$1,145 and \$1,154 billion. The Board of Economists was the first group to predict a rise of close to \$100 billion\* (TIME, Oct. 4), and since then their estimate has been adopted by many experts until it is now the standard forecast. The tentative predictions of economists in the Administration, in the corporate world and the AFL-CIO are closely in line with those of TIME's board. The major holdouts are Economists Henry Wallich and Pierre Rinfret, who foresee a gain of \$85 billion. That itself would be a marked improvement over last year's \$76 billion, though a severe disappointment to almost everyone. Wallich explains that he feels there are simply too many uncertainties about the strength of consumer spending and business inventory buying and capital investment to forecast a higher number.

The future seems more clear to hackers of the consensus forecast. Its details:

**REAL G.N.P.**—not counting price increases—will rise by anywhere from 5.5% to 6.4%, or roughly twice as much as last year.

**PRICES** will register their smallest increase since 1968 or perhaps earlier. The board's predictions of this year's rise in the so-called G.N.P. deflator, the most comprehensive price index, range from 3.1% to 3.4%. That is not far above the rate that many economists think the U.S. can tolerate indefinitely. The wage-price freeze broke the economy's inflationary momentum, and Phase II shows promise of keeping wage-price pressures in check de-

## How the Experts Size Up This Year

**E**CONOMIC statistics cannot be predicted to the last billion dollars or tenth of a percentage point—and indeed it has not been unknown for some Government forecasts of the value of national production to be off by \$15 billion. For 1971, TIME's Board of Economists came closer than most

seers. Its members' predictions of gross national product averaged \$1,049.2 billion, and they forecast that unemployment would peak at 6% to 6.2%. The actual figures: around \$1,050 billion and 6.2%. Now the economists are putting their numbers on the record for this year. Their forecasts:

	GNP (in billions)	REAL GROWTH	INFLA- TIONARY* GROWTH	UNEMPLOYMENT		PROFIT INCREASE (before taxes)
				Average	Last Quarter, 1972	
Ono Eckstein	\$1,148	5.8%	3.2%	5.7%	5.4%	14.1%
Alan Greenspan	1,147	5.8	3.1	5.5	5.3	15
David Grove	1,154	6.4	3.2	5.5	5.1	17.4
Walter Heller	1,150	6.0	3.3	5.6	5.4	15
Robert Nathan	1,145	5.5	3.3	5.85	5.75	15
Arthur Okun	1,148	5.7	3.4	5.6	5.3	15
Joseph Pechman	1,146	5.5	3.4	5.5	5.3	15
Beryl Sprinkel	1,145	5.9	3.1	5.4	5	14

\*Based on the so-called G.N.P. deflator, a combination of wholesale and retail price and pay increases.

spite the ineffectuality of the Pay Board so far.

**PERSONAL INCOME** will grow 8% or more, and consumer spending will go up at least that much, even if the pattern of high savings continues. That is good news for retailers. Gordon Metcalf, chairman of Sears, Roebuck, predicts an 81% jump in the nation's retail sales early this year. Ralph Lazartus, chairman of Federated Department Stores, expects a 12% gain for his company in 1972.

**PROFITS** before taxes will leap between 14% and 17%. The rise after taxes will be higher because corporations will be able to reduce their tax bills by an amount equal to 7% of what they spend on new machinery and construction. Giant companies—those with assets of about \$1 billion or more—will report somewhat smaller gains to their shareholders. These giants maintained their earnings better than most other companies did during the

1970 recession and last year's creeping recovery, so they have less lost ground to make up. But the more volatile profits of many medium-sized and small companies should soar, and the Price Commission will scrutinize their margins less closely than those of large corporations.

**CAPITAL SPENDING** by business for new factories and machines will jump by 9% or 11%. That might seem like too much of a good thing because official statistics show that about 25% of U.S. industrial capacity was idle all through last year. But these statistics are suspect because of difficulties in measuring: the real use of available capacity was probably more than 80%. Further, many of the nation's plants and machines are old and inefficient, partly because real capital spending has been flat for the past five years. But the 7% investment tax credit, the rise in demand and the prospect of higher profits will move many

CROWDS OF JOBLESS LINED UP TO COLLECT THEIR UNEMPLOYMENT CHECKS



\* This is a startling testimonial to the sheer size of the American economy. Only a handful of the world's countries can boast a total G.N.P. of \$100 billion. Such nations as Sweden, Belgium, Indonesia, Brazil and India are nowhere close.

## THE ECONOMY

businessmen to replace some of their older capacity.

**FOREIGN TRADE**, a weak sector in the economy last year, will turn into a plus. In 1971, the U.S. imported around \$890 million more worth of goods than it exported, running its first deficit in merchandise trade since 1893. But dollar devaluation and foreign currency realignment will cut the export prices of U.S. coal, jetliners, soybeans and other products, while raising the import costs of Japanese cameras, French wines, Italian shoes and similar goods. Exports should surge ahead of imports again by anywhere from \$1.5 billion to \$3 billion, creating more sales for domestic companies and more jobs for workers.

**AUTO SALES** should almost equal and perhaps exceed last year. Detroit's estimates span from 10 million sales forecast by American Motors Chairman Roy Chapin to as many as 11 million foreseen by retiring General Motors Chairman James Roche. Car manufacturers agree that sales of imported cars will be held to last year's 1.5 million, ending a nine-year rise. Reason: although imported cars will also benefit from the removal of the excise tax, the currency shifts will result in the prices of U.S.-made small cars being closely competitive. If total sales do in fact rise, all of the increase will go to the four

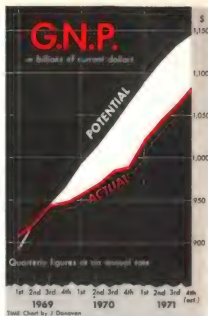
U.S. makers, thus fattening payrolls. **HOUSING STARTS**, which hit a record 2.2 million last year, will slip back to 2,000,000 or a bit less; last year's rate was simply too fast to be sustained. But housing completions, which lag six months or more behind starts, will rise to a record 2.1 million this year from 1.7 million last year, and the money spent on new housing will grow 17.5% to \$47.7 billion. Moreover, the Americans moving into all these new houses and apartments will have to furnish them. The 1971 housing-start record practically guarantees banner sales this year for makers of sofas, bedding, carpets, refrigerators, washing machines and the like.

**UNEMPLOYMENT** is the one great dark spot. It will go down, but only to a highly unsatisfactory average of 5.5% to 5.85%, and somewhat less than that at year's end. Although the growing economy will create many new jobs, almost as many people will be entering the work force to compete for those jobs. The high birth rates of the early postwar years are adding a record 1,300,000 young men and women to the ranks of job seekers each year. Some unemployed aerospace engineers may find new positions, but women, blacks, teen-agers and some 1972 graduates will face a long search. John Shingleton, placement director of Michigan State University, recently surveyed 346 leading firms and found that compared with 1971, they expect this year to hire 1.8% fewer graduates with bachelors' degrees, 12.4% fewer with masters' degrees, and 26.8% fewer with Ph.D.s.

Possibly the biggest questions about business in 1972 are not economic but political. How much of an election issue will the economy be? Will voters be impressed by rising incomes and declining inflation—or depressed by the lingering unemployment? Will their joy over the turn-around in the economy overcome "the scar-tissue issue" left by their memory of inflationary recession?

At the very least, the economy will no longer be quite the albatross around Nixon's neck that it had been almost from the moment he stepped into the White House. If the economy performs up to forecast, he can counter Democratic gibes about unemployment by boasting record gains in national output, an alltime high in the number of Americans at work, and a sounder—though devalued—dollar.

Forecasts can go wrong, as Nixon knows all too well. His budget prophecy last January of a \$1.065 billion G.N.P. in 1971 was the farthest out—and the farthest off—guess of the year. Today many businessmen believe that the economists' standard forecast for this year is also overoptimistic. Business sentiment, however, has been a lagging indicator, and it is finally starting to change. In the past two weeks, Chairmen T. Vincent Learson



of IBM, Donald Cook of American Electric Power and Robert Sarnoff of RCA, among others, have issued strongly optimistic statements.

The estimate of Time's Board of Economists will probably turn out to be too low rather than too high. It assumes that consumers will continue to save a near record share of their incomes—8.1%, according to Alan Greenspan. If a drop in unemployment convinces consumers that they can safely save less, the resulting buying spree could ignite much greater rises in retail sales than now expected. Similarly, the forecast assumes that businessmen will do only as much inventory rebuilding as the rise in demand for their product forces upon them. A quickening business tempo could lead many of the skeptics in the executive suites to stop trying to get along with the lowest stockpiles possible, and their orders could fuel new production. Some business economists are advising their corporate clients to draft plans for a much faster than expected expansion, in case demand catches fire.

**Receding Risk.** In contrast, members of the Board of Economists can envision few forces that might dampen demand. Banker Sprinkel warns that the Federal Reserve could stem the recovery by holding down the growth of the nation's money supply, as it has for the past four months. That seems unlikely, however. The recent tightness has only corrected a too-rapid money expansion early last year; for the year, the U.S. money supply increased a healthy 6%, and Federal Reserve Chairman Arthur Burns has said he will make enough money available to finance "vigorous" expansion.

Another possibility is that the Phase II wage-price restraints will break down, and inflation will once more swallow up most of the economy's gains. But the risk has receded in the





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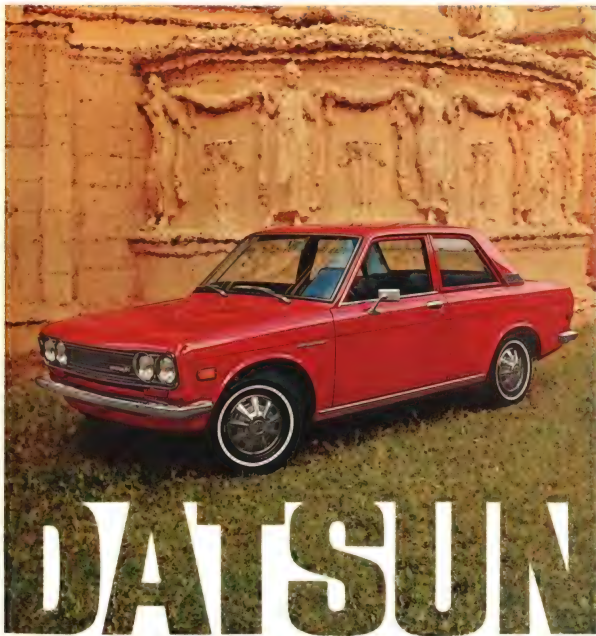
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past few weeks. The Price Commission has taken a tough line not only on prices but also on medical costs and rents. AFL-CIO unions are giving the Commission some help by sending shoppers into stores to check on prices. The Pay Board has been so snarled by quarreling among its labor, business and public members that it has not yet even worked out a form on which employers and unions can report proposed wage boosts. In its first two specific decisions, it approved scandalously inflationary wage contracts for coal miners and railroad signalmen. It is difficult, however, to imagine the Pay Board doing any worse this year, and there is some chance that it will do better, though perhaps at the cost of strikes. The business and public members who fill ten of its 15 seats intend to shelve down a 12% boost due to aerospace workers, and the business

ern Europe and Japan. Business news from overseas is gloomy: declining profits in Germany, roaring inflation (9%) and relatively high joblessness (4%) in Britain, and high-level talk in Japan that this year marked the end forever of perennial 10% annual growth.

Economic maladies abroad could reduce the profits that the U.S.-owned multinational corporations draw from their overseas operations. A deepening foreign slide could also pare demand for American exports, offsetting part of the help that the U.S. will get from dollar devaluation. There is no certainty, however, that the foreign sluggishness will continue. Some experts think that Europe's economies will revive as a result of the monetary realignment, which ended the currency uncertainty that hampered international trade.

Some longer-range problems of managing a U.S. economic revival will loom larger as 1972 unfolds. Over any long period, American prosperity will be indivisible from world prosperity—and that depends heavily on the eventual construction of a new financial system based on some form of world money other than gold or dollars. Economists generally agree that the new currency with which nations pay their debts to each other should be the International Monetary Fund's Special Drawing Rights, or paper gold. Negotiating a switch to an S.D.R.-based system presents touchy problems in financial diplomacy that may take years to resolve. For instance, nations would be required to surrender to the IMF some of their jealously guarded sovereignty over money.

**Trade Tussle.** Another central issue in 1972 will be a growing U.S. effort to win a better deal on trade. Last week Peter Peterson, Nixon's Assistant for International Economic Affairs, recommended a series of major initiatives in the nation's foreign economic policy. Among them: giving unspecified tax breaks to exporters; considering adoption of the Japanese practice of having trading companies coordinate the export efforts of many medium-sized and small firms—a step that implies some loosening of antitrust rules—and starting a promotional campaign to lure more foreign investment to the U.S.

Peterson's key recommendation was that Nixon ask Congress for new authority to lower nontariff barriers and slash U.S. tariffs—to zero in some cases—but only if foreign nations make equivalent concessions. That points toward a needed "Nixon Round" of world-trade talks. The report contained enough criticism of foreign protectionism to indicate that such bargaining will be rough. For example, Peterson denounced the European Common Market's cherished farm tariffs and its preferential trade agreements with some non-Market nations, which he de-

scribed as a move toward splitting the world into regional trading blocs.

At home, the U.S. will face an even more crucial question much more quickly. By campaign time, Nixon and his Democratic opponent will be debating how swiftly the Phase II wage-price controls should be dismantled and what, if anything, should replace them. The temptation to return to an unfettered economy will be enormous. If the inflation rate slows to about 3% for three successive quarters, the Phase II restraints are likely to seem both unnecessary and intolerable.

On the other hand, the unhappy experience of the past two years argues persuasively against giving unions and companies a green light to drive for the highest wage and price boosts that they can get. The best compromise would probably be to adopt a less rigid "incomes policy" focused on the



**UNIONIST CHECKING CLEVELAND PRICES**  
Smallest rise since 1968?

members further plan to challenge any contract raise of more than 7%.

Employers are generally enforcing the Pay Board's 5.5% wage guideline for nonunion workers—who fill more than two-thirds of all U.S. jobs, as headline writers too frequently forget. That is a triumph for anti-inflation policy, if not for equity. Although TIME's Board of Economists is by no means satisfied with the progress of Phase II so far, most of them expect the record to improve in 1972. Says Walter Heller: "I think that with the Pay Board and Price Commission, as with a child or a dog, you can have a few accidents and still housebreak them."

One of the economy's most serious potential problems this year will be not so much domestic but international. There is some doubt about whether U.S. growth can revive strongly in the face of a slowdown in West-



**FOREIGN-TRADE ADVISER PETERSON**  
Perhaps no tariffs at all.

powerful unions and giant companies that set the tone and pace of the economy. These groups could be told that: 1) they will be expected to follow voluntary wage-price guidelines, 2) the Government will call down the wrath of public opinion on violators, and 3) outright controls just might be reimposed if they do not behave.

Only a government that is tolerably sure it has inflation in check will feel free to pursue the expansive spending, tax and money-supply policies necessary to keep production and incomes rising smartly. In the modern U.S. economy, recessions tend to be the consequence of deliberate Government fiscal and monetary restraints that aim to stop inflation by slowing the whole machine. Nixon put on such restraints in 1969 and 1970, and the U.S. has paid a high price.

That cost is measured by what

## THE ECONOMY

economists call the "growth gap," the difference between what the economy actually produces and what it could produce if it maintained full employment. Walter Heller and Arthur Okun calculate that the gap yawned to \$70 billion during the recession and spitting recovery of 1971. Even the relatively rapid advance foreseen for 1972 will narrow the gap by year's end only to about \$50 billion.

The gap is ugly because it means idle workers, idle machinery and lower tax revenues to finance needed new social and environmental programs. But it has a silver lining: it leaves plenty of room for the economy to grow strongly in the years ahead. In the long run, increases in the labor force, workers' productivity and management efficiency give the U.S. economy the potential to expand about 4% a year in real terms. Until the gap is closed, the rise in real G.N.P. can exceed that 4%. Indeed, it can run at the 6% or so expected in 1972 for years on end before bringing the nation up against the limits of its resources in money, machinery and manpower. Thus, assuming that inflation can be held to tolerable levels, 1972 could well turn out to be only the first of a series of years of rapid, sustained economic growth.

## THE BUDGET

### The U.S. Is Running Out of Money

When President Nixon presents his election-year budget this month, it will be relatively bare of those shiny new social programs that stir voter enthusiasm. In that lack lies a harsh truth: despite prospects for a strong, sustained economic recovery, ever-rising federal expenditures and a long series of tax cuts have left the Government strapped for ready cash. As a result, the Administration faces some tough choices. It must either raise taxes, cut current expenditures, or go slow in meeting a growing plethora of public needs, including benefits for Viet Nam veterans, pollution control, mass transit, prison reform and aid to ailing cities.

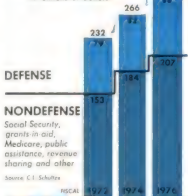
All the tax revenues now due the Government are needed just to meet the cost of present commitments. The predicament is reflected in Nixon's efforts to create programs without money in his fiscal 1973 budget, which takes effect July 1. By the most optimistic estimates, fiscal 1973 revenues are not expected to rise above \$235 billion, or about \$32 billion more than in fiscal 1972. With about \$14 billion set aside for reducing the budget deficit, that leaves roughly \$18 billion more to spend than in 1972. But practically all this additional income is already earmarked: \$8 billion for existing pro-

grams, \$3 billion for a Government employees' pay boost, \$4 billion for increased Social Security benefits, \$2 billion in aid to cities and states, and a down payment of \$500 million on the Family Assistance Plan. All together, expenditures for the year will reach \$250 billion, which will generate a deficit of at least \$15 billion in the unified budget. And that will be on top of a deficit of some \$28 billion in this fiscal year and \$23.2 billion last year.

Many experts believe that deficits have been pushed perilously close to their manageable limit, and that if they continue, chronic inflation is certain to flare up. Says Alan Greenspan, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The budget has begun to get substantially out of control."

## SPENDING BURDEN

Projected federal outlays  
in billions of dollars



TIME Chart by J. Dossert

The budget is severely squeezed because income taxes have been cut six times since the Korean War, for a cumulative revenue loss of \$40 billion a year. This year's investment and depreciation tax breaks for business and reductions in personal income taxes will give a nice push to the economy; they will also diminish tax receipts by \$6.9 billion in the fiscal year that starts in July.

Even before the latest tax cuts, a Brookings Institution study by former Budget Director Charles Schultze revealed that no money would be available for new national needs until 1975 at the earliest. Schultze reckoned that between 1972 and 1976 expenditures for existing programs alone would go up by \$55 billion. Starts on proposed new projects, including family assistance and revenue sharing, would add another \$11 billion. By 1976, Schultze now figures, less than 1% of the G.N.P.—about \$10 billion—would be on tap for new projects. Much of this money

could be swallowed up by a national health insurance plan. This leaves the Government scratching for funds to pay for myriad other programs to improve the nation's quality of life.

Where will most of the money come from? Probably from the pockets of middle-income citizens. Says Joseph Pechman, a member of TIME's Board of Economists: "The very rich and the very poor now have the biggest tax burden. If we are going to have needed public programs, we're going to have to raise taxes on everybody above the poverty line." Laurence S. Ritter, a New York University finance professor, estimates that to underwrite the costs of improving U.S. society, the average tax bite would have to be increased \$300 per family by 1975.

**Incendiary Issue.** Seeking to break out of the fiscal straitjacket, Nixon is seriously studying a "value-added tax," which he may propose to Congress as early as March. A kind of national sales tax, the VAT would collect a percentage of the cost that is added to a product as it moves from raw-material supplier to manufacturer to wholesaler to retailer. For example, when a furniture maker sold a carload of chairs, he would pay to the Federal Government perhaps 3% of the difference between the raw-material cost and the selling price of the product. This would be above and beyond his regular sales and income taxes. Then the wholesaler of the chairs would also pay a 3% VAT on the amount that he added to the selling price; the distributor and the retailer, too, would pay value-added taxes. These extra costs would ultimately be passed on to the consumer as increased prices.

Most of the VAT receipts, which it is estimated would reach between \$10 billion and \$12 billion a year, would go to municipalities to pure education costs. This would ease the burden on homeowners, who pay for schools out of their increasingly heavy property taxes. Because the money would be distributed on a per-pupil basis instead of by school district, the plan would enable Nixon to redeem his pledge to aid parochial schools.

The VAT has some drawbacks. A study by Otto Eckstein's Data Resources Inc. notes that it would slow the economic recovery by slightly increasing prices. This would crimp sales and production and thus retard a return to full employment. The study estimates that with the VAT the jobless rate at the end of 1973 would be an estimated 5%, v. 4.8% without it. The VAT will meet determined opposition in Congress. Democrats and labor chiefs see it as another regressive levy that adds unfairly to the burden of the poor and the lower middle class. But whatever happens to the VAT, the budget squeeze—and what to do about it—is certain to be an incendiary issue in the presidential campaign.

## INDOCHINA

# Attacking with a "Dynamic Defense"

IN the spring of 1970, just 18 months after Lyndon Johnson announced a U.S. "bombing halt," more than 500 American warplanes swarmed into North Viet Nam for a series of attacks that continued for four days. Since then the large-scale "reinforced protective reaction strike" has become both a favorite Nixon Administration euphemism and a key element in its Viet Nam withdrawal strategy. Also known as "dynamic defense," a phrase coined by British Strategist Basil Liddell Hart in 1935, that strategy has come to mean the covering of the gradual U.S. pullout on the ground with an open-ended threat to use airpower any time, anywhere in Indochina.

**A Signal.** Last week, for five straight days, U.S. fighter-bombers, directed from a command center at Udorn airbase in Thailand, braved poor weather and wicked antiaircraft fire to fly hundreds of sorties against missile sites, airfields, supply depots, staging areas, and other targets in North Viet Nam's southern panhandle. It was by far the longest and roughest of the more than 100 strikes, large and small, that American aircraft carried out on the North in 1971. With a tight news embargo temporarily in effect in Washington and Saigon, the few emerging details of the operation came from Hanoi, which angrily charged that "the insane Americans have attacked many populated areas" in Thanh Hoa, Nghe An and Quang Binh provinces. The North Vietnamese claimed to have shot down 19 American planes; the U.S. owned up to only four downed aircraft.

What, in fact, were the attacks all about? In part, they reflected concern about a recent and rapid military buildup by the North Vietnamese. U.S. air operations over the Ho Chi Minh Trail through Laos had been severely cramped by a formidable North Vietnamese air defense effort (TIME, Jan. 3). In Laos and Cambodia, government troops were already reeling in the face of an unusually early and vigorous dry-season offensive by the enemy. U.S. military men in Saigon expect that offensive to spread to South Viet Nam, perhaps when Tet arrives next month.

Even so, it seemed that Richard Nixon had more than just dynamic defense in mind. With the President's Feb. 21 departure for China rapidly approaching, the attacks would reassure Washington's Indochina allies that they would not be sold out at

the Peking summit. It was also hoped that the raids might counter any plans on Hanoi's part to bollix the summit. The White House reasoned that North Viet Nam's current offensive might have been designed to impress the Chinese with the fact that Hanoi will not sit still for any concessions to the U.S., no matter what bargain Nixon might try to strike in Peking.

Administration aides describe the

head off trouble for South Viet Nam, Laos or Cambodia—or even the Peking summit. But that was not how the Administration explained the matter. In Washington last week, Defense Secretary Melvin Laird said that the raids were "primarily for the protection of American service personnel." In fact, there is no conclusive evidence that the 158,000 G.I.s still in Viet Nam are in any immediate



**NORTH VIETNAMESE MILITIAMEN EXAMINING WRECKAGE OF U.S. JET**  
Expanding the bombing franchise.

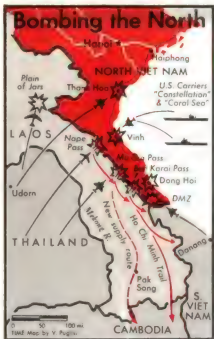
bombings as a "signal" to Hanoi. The signal—the word carries less-than-reassuring echoes of Lyndon Johnson's days—is meant to make it clear that the U.S. will not tolerate any creeping escalation of the war by Hanoi while the American withdrawal continues. The new get-tough stance in Indochina follows a similar hardening by the U.S. in Paris. Last month Ambassador William J. Porter, the new U.S. chief negotiator, began a boycott of the negotiating table by bluntly telling a visibly surprised Hanoi representative, Xuan Thuy, that "you obviously need more time to develop a constructive approach here." Last week, when the air attacks got under way, both sides frostily agreed to continue the boycott.

The "bombing halt" notwithstanding, it would be perfectly defensible for the U.S. to strike military targets in North Viet Nam in order to

peril, though the North Vietnamese retain the potential to do serious harm as the withdrawal continues.

Laird tried to have it both ways, however. He insisted that "the South Vietnamese can handle the situation in South Viet Nam." If so, then Laird's rationale for the bombing seems all the more questionable, especially in light of an announcement by the U.S. command in Saigon that in the week preceding the air strikes there had been only one American combat death—the lowest weekly casualty total since March 1965.

**Wholesale Basis.** In justifying the bombing, Laird said that the North Vietnamese had violated the "understanding" negotiated by L.B.J. at the time of the 1968 bombing halt. Clark Clifford, who was Johnson's Defense Secretary in 1968, last week told TIME's John Mulliken that the "understanding" could by no means be consid-



## SOUTH ASIA

### Painful Adjustment

India, Pakistan and the new war-born nation of Bangladesh last week began the massive task of adjusting to postwar realities on the subcontinent. In Dacca, the first batch of 90,000 Pakistani prisoners of war began their journey to prison camps in India; they were marched through the streets in predawn darkness to avoid reprisals from the hostile Bengali population. At the same time, India withdrew 30,000 of its own troops, about half of its forces in Bangladesh; the rest are expected to stay on perhaps another three or four months to keep order and help with reconstruction. Indian and Bangladesh officials laid the groundwork for an even more massive migration—the return home of the 10 million Bengali refugees who had fled to India to escape roughshod repression by the Pakistani army.

In Dacca, the fledgling Bangladesh government swore in five new Cabinet ministers, and announced that it would seek a trade and technical assistance treaty with the Soviet Union to help with reconstruction. Poland and Bulgaria have also offered to enter trade pacts with Bangladesh. A more immediate problem was to prevent a possible massacre of 30,000 Biharis who were in a virtual state of siege within the workers' quarters and factory facilities of a jute mill near Dacca. The non-Bengali Moslems have reaped a whirlwind of anger because

many of them collaborated with the Pakistani army throughout the nine-month civil war. Indian troops surrounded the mill to protect them, but food supplies were dwindling and a cholera outbreak was reported. Bengali anger, moreover, was renewed by fresh evidence of massacres conducted by Pakistani troops shortly before the surrender. In 70 villages surrounding Dacca, it was revealed, troops had systematically killed thousands of civilians, then looted and burned their homes.

Indian troops were still patrolling the streets of the Dacca capital last week to keep order, while the Bangladesh administration struggled to organize reconstruction and repatriation. But the man most essential to getting the new nation onto its feet—Sheik Mujibur ("Mujib") Rahman—was under house arrest near Islamabad. He was moved from prison by Pakistan's new civilian President Zulfikar Ali Bhutto (see box). Bhutto paid a 30-minute call on the Bengali leader, with the avowed aim of persuading Mujib to accept some form of reconciliation between Pakistan and its former eastern province that would at least preserve a façade of national unity. "It can be a very loose arrangement," he declared, "but it must be within the concept of Pakistan."

**Too Dazed.** Bhutto meanwhile continued to feed his countrymen's illusions of reunification. "Pakistan is indivisible," he declared. "National honor will be vindicated." On one level, it was probably a necessary fiction, since Pakistanis are still too dazed by their defeat to accept the reality that the eastern province is gone.

There was also a practical side to

ered a formal agreement; though the North Vietnamese did honor its terms for a while, they never responded to the American conditions other than to "take note" of them.

The "terms" called for the North Vietnamese to begin talking seriously in Paris, to cease shelling South Viet Nam's cities, to stop infiltrating into South Viet Nam through the Demilitarized Zone, and to refrain from firing on unarmed American reconnaissance planes flying over the North. But while Hanoi no longer observes the terms, Clifford charged that it is "absurd for the U.S. to pretend that there could still be an understanding when the Nixon Administration has violated it on a wholesale basis."

**Painless Way.** Whether it is based on fact or not, the Nixon Administration has found the "understanding" useful. The supposed agreement has afforded the White House a politically painless way of gradually erasing what it regards as an unwise, unilateral promise to lay off North Viet Nam. Since 1969, when the White House began citing the understanding to justify quick, small-scale strikes on North Vietnamese antiaircraft sites that had fired at U.S. reconnaissance planes, the "protective reaction" franchise has been steadily broadened. By now, it has been stretched to the point where it can be invoked in almost any circumstance. The President has said that if Hanoi should develop any "capacity to increase the level of fighting in South Viet Nam, then I will order the bombing of military sites in North Viet Nam." That, as far as the Administration is concerned, seems to be the only understanding that matters.

OPFARD V. HAMPA—PHOTOGRAPHER



PRISONERS IN BANGLADESH GOING TO JAIL UNDER THREAT OF BEATINGS  
A loose arrangement to preserve a façade of unity.



## Bhutto: The Voice of Pakistan

Pakistan's new President, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, last week gave an interview to *TIME* Correspondent Dan Coggin. Sipping champagne (cooled with ice cubes) to toast the New Year, Bhutto made the following significant points:

**ON SHEIK MUJIBUR RAHMAN** I plan to release him unconditionally in a couple of days, with hope and faith that the fire of Pakistan still burns in his heart. He will be free to go. I am not extracting any promise from him. I'm not talking to him under duress, but between elected leaders of the two parts of Pakistan. From one end of the spectrum to the other, an extremely loose arrangement could be worked out, but at least the name of Pakistan must remain. It's our legacy of 1,000 years, and we can't spurn it.

**ON PEACE WITH INDIA.** We do not want eternal enmity with India. We have never wanted it. We want a *modus vivendi* built on justice and equity. Vindication of national honor does not mean chauvinism but acceptance of the 1947 arrangement agreed upon by India and Pakistan and acknowledged by the world. All we seek is for that rationale of live and let live to come to fruition in the interests of the people of both countries.

**ON INDIRA GANDHI.** I'm prepared to visit not only Peking and Moscow but Washington as well. If she invites me to New Delhi beforehand, I'm prepared to go there first. I'm not calling her "that woman" [as Bhutto's predecessor Yahya Khan did]. She is the Prime Minister of a neighboring great state. My family has had three generations of contacts with her family. I have had dealings with Mrs. Gandhi, and I hope our children won't be enemies. We don't want to be now.

**ON RESTORATION OF DEMOCRACY.** I will be the last to see the curse of the generals' dictatorship further ruin my country. Before the day is done, if I'm still here, I will ensure that the night of terror will never return to this country. I can only set the pace and direction: better men than I may complete the job. You will see that I'm not an enemy of private enterprise. Foreign investment will be encouraged and welcomed and never touched. In the present process, though, all of us have to be cut down to size—the "22 families," the feudal lords, the generals, the fat and flabby ones. [As for the end of martial law] I want the picture between East and West Pakistan to emerge before I take any steps in this direction—probably before the spring is out.

Bhutto's statements. He needed time to consolidate his own political forces. As one Western diplomat put it, "When you come riding in on a white charger, you have to ride around a while to stay in the saddle."

Bhutto has indeed engaged in some highly visible political showmanship. He swore in his cabinet at 3 a.m.—leading a harried television official to lament: "This is a government of insomniacs"—and dispatched most of the army brass into retirement. He also fired every active admiral in the navy, placed ex-President Yahya Khan under house arrest, and ordered a board of inquiry to ascertain the circumstances of "the military debacle."

For India the most immediate problem now is the orderly return of the refugees. The cost of maintaining the 250 camps scattered mostly along the border areas has declined only slightly from the peak of \$4,000,000 daily; the repatriation itself is expected to cost as much as \$430 million. One of the biggest camps, for example, is at Mana in the heart of India, and New Delhi must provide long-distance transport for its 300,000 refugees. At a press conference late last week, Prime Minister Indira Gandhi shrugged off reports that some refugees would not return and predicted

that most of them will have left by the end of February.

Indian-U.S. relations, meanwhile, remained frosty. Mrs. Gandhi began preparing her countrymen for an end to U.S. economic aid that amounted to \$159 million last year. Pointing out that aid consists primarily of loans and credits, she said: "India so far has paid back every cent owed to other countries. If countries want to stop their so-called aid, it will cause us hardship in some areas. But we will manage." Her planning minister, C. Subramaniam, was more blunt. "Even if the United States reconsiders resuming economic aid," he said, "we will not avail ourselves of it."

### MALTA

#### Deadline Dom

Ever since he became Malta's Prime Minister last June, scrappy, erratic Socialist Dom Mintoff has made a specialty of issuing nonnegotiable demands. In one of his first official acts, for example, he told the British Governor General to resign and to clear out of the tiny Commonwealth island nation within four days. Last week "Deadline Dom," as he has become

known in some corners of Malta's diplomatic community, came up with what could be his ultimate ultimatum. Unless Britain agreed to come across with an immediate \$11 million increase in the rent that it pays for its Maltese bases, he said, Britain would have to pull all of its 3,500 sailors, soldiers and airmen out of the country by midnight New Year's Eve.

The demand was a sharp escalation in a bizarre campaign that Mintoff has been waging to gouge more money from Britain and other NATO countries that use Malta's superb naval and air facilities. With government indebtedness expected to reach a staggering \$104 million by next spring, Malta is undeniably short of cash. Prime Minister Edward Heath offered to increase Britain's annual payments from \$14 million to a generous \$24 million, but Mintoff is holding out for \$47 million.

**Broken Agreement.** When he threw down the gauntlet last week, Mintoff broke an agreement with Heath to continue negotiating at least until next March. Evidently, Mintoff figured that he was in strong diplomatic shape for an early showdown. He has been courting the Soviets for some time, and last week, after he fired his shot at Whitehall, he tentatively flew off for secret talks with Colonel Muammar Gaddafi's anti-Western regime in Libya.

London was not impressed. Coolly rejecting the \$11 million demand, British Defense Minister Lord Carrington laconically noted that Britain had paid its rent through March, and that it would be glad to pull out after then "unless Mr. Mintoff changes his mind." Mintoff had reason for second thoughts, in view of the fact that a British withdrawal would subtract something like \$58 million a year from Malta's fragile economy. At week's end he extended the deadline for two weeks to "alleviate suffering of poor women and children among British dependents."



# In the Shadow of the Gunmen

*"The country is gone mad. Instead of countin' their heads, now they're countin' bullets; their Hail Marys and their paternosters are burstin' bombs—burstin' bombs, an' the rattle of machine guns; petrol is their holy water; their mass is a burnin' buildin'; their De Profundis is 'The Soldiers' Song,' an' their creed is, 'I believe in the gun almighty, maker of heaven and earth—an' it's all for the glory o' God an' the honor o' Ireland.'"*

—Sean O'Casey,  
*The Shadow of a Gunman*

**T**HE shadow that fell across O'Casey's Dublin during the 1920s has become the specter that terrorizes contemporary Ulster. Sections of Londonderry and Belfast are as desolated as London during the blitz, and the

ground in the conflict between the British army and the outlawed terrorist Irish Republican Army. There were bombings in Belfast, Londonderry, Enniskillen and the village of Rostrevor, where the I.R.A. destroyed the country house of Ivan Neill, Speaker of the Ulster House of Commons. (Neill and his wife were away.)

On New Year's Eve, Belfast was rocked by eight explosions. Gunmen fired on a police precinct house, while soldiers had to break up a riot between Catholic and Protestant youths. Earlier in the week, a sniper in Londonderry killed a patrolling soldier. The trooper, 20-year-old Richard Ham, was the 43rd British soldier killed during 1971, and the 206th person since the major riots of 1969. As if to emphasize the sense of despair that pervades the province, the

ing time in years." Another story—a true one—tells of fleeing bombers who had to return their stolen getaway car because they had unwittingly taken it from another I.R.A. man.

Black humor aside, there is no longer an easy or rational way to conclude the war in the foreseeable fu-



CATHOLIC YOUTH FIRES SLINGSHOT AT BRITISH SOLDIERS IN LONDONDERRY

scarred faces of empty, bombed-out buildings are pockmarked from gunfire. Streets are blockaded by ganglia-like stretches of barbed wire and by "anti-terrorist ramps"—thick bands of bitumen or concrete nine inches high that force traffic to slow to a crawl. On the red brick walls surrounding vacant lots, the children of Belfast—perhaps the most tragic victims of the war—have scrawled afresh the old slogans of idealism and hatred: "Up the I.R.A." and "Informers Beware" in the Catholic sections. "No Popery Here" in the Protestant areas. If nothing else, the signs are additional proof of the old saying that Ireland is a land with too much religion and not enough Christianity.

The last week of 1971 was typical of life in the dour, grimy Victorian cities of the North that are a battle-

ground in the conflict between the British command announced that children playing with toy guns run the risk of being shot. The reason for the statement was that children in Ulster these days sometimes carry real guns.

Along the grim, wind-whipped streets of wintry Belfast, there were also ironic, even humorous touches. On New Year's Eve, thanks to the terrorists, there were 30 fewer pubs than last year in which to celebrate the passing of 1971. To some, the prevalence of pub bombing made it seem as if the war were being fought by the Temperance League rather than the I.R.A.; it has secretly pleased some Presbyterian elders. Many customers, scared of the pub warfare, quit early. This has given rise to dour little jokes. The long-suffering wife of a drinking husband supposedly says: "That's the first time Paddy has been home before clos-



SCOTTISH SOLDIERS STRIKE BACK



IN WOODS OUTSIDE BELFAST, I.R.A. MEN

ture. What began in 1968 as a non-violent campaign for civil rights by Ulster's half-million Catholics—one-third of the North's population—has inexorably grown into an all-out campaign of terror by that most fabled and storied of guerrilla organizations, the Irish Republican Army. Best estimates are that the army in Northern Ireland numbers no more than 200 hard-core gunmen, and deaths and arrests have decimated its cadre of

trained leaders. But the I.R.A. clearly has no shortage of potential recruits, and the recent history of Malaya, Cuba and Cyprus provides ample evidence that small guerrilla groups can survive for years against much larger military forces.

Terror, even when cloaked in idealism, is an ugly form of politics—the strategy of determined, desperate men. The I.R.A. is determined to survive and to win. Says Sean MacStiofáin, chief of staff of the army's militant Provisional wing: "This is not just an

free of British control. The army's tactics of terror have succeeded in reopening the issue of "the border," and the reunification of North and South—Ulster and the Republic of Ireland. They have made all but untenable the Protestant-dominated government of Northern Ireland at Stormont. They have caused England's Conservative Prime Minister Edward Heath and his Cabinet to wonder if it is worth keeping Ulster after all, notwithstanding official avowals to do so. To many observers, in short, the real issue is not so much whether an Ulster tied to Britain can survive as how long it will last.

Ulster's troubles seem weirdly out-

and mostly unsuccessful efforts to conquer the island. Hegemony was finally established during the Reformation, when Queen Elizabeth's army beat the last of Ulster's great Celtic earls, Hugh O'Neill and Red Hugh O'Donnell, at the battle of Kinsale in 1601. The vast lands of these Catholic noblemen were forfeited to English and Scottish "undertakers," who were pledged to "implant" them with farmers of Protestant faith and British race.

Hope flickered briefly for Ireland's Catholics in 1689, when deposed King James II of England, a convert to Rome, landed in Ireland to organize a war to reclaim his throne. On July



AT JEERING WOMEN IN BELFAST



BOYS ESCAPE OVER A WALL FROM BRITISH SOLDIERS USING GAS



IN STOCKING MASKS LEARN SNIPER TACTICS WITH AUTOMATIC PISTOLS & RIFLES

other glorious phase in Irish history. We must win. We can't afford to lose. We will keep the campaign going regardless of the cost to ourselves, regardless of the cost to anyone else."

Even if they were somehow neutralized by British troops, it is already clear that the gunmen have come surprisingly close to winning their political goals. Since its establishment in 1916, the I.R.A. has had but one aim: the creation of a united Ireland wholly

dated in a modern world that, however mistakenly, likes to think of itself as rational. To understand the feuds of faith and blood, it is necessary to go back to the Middle Ages.

The root cause was England's historical lust to subjugate the Emerald Isle. Ironically, that ambition was sanctioned in 1155, when Pope Adrian IV gave sovereignty over Ireland to England's King Henry II. During the next centuries, the English made sporadic

12, 1690, James was defeated in the Battle of the Boyne by his Protestant successor, William of Orange—the beloved "King Billy" of Ulster Unionists (those favoring union with Britain).

**Fiery Words.** By 1700, Irish Catholics owned only one-seventh of the land. The Penal Laws—enacted by a Protestant Parliament in Dublin—turned the warrior race into virtual slaves. Catholics were excluded from political life, forbidden to have their own schools and could not buy back land from Protestants, some of whom were sympathetic to their plight. In 1791, Wolfe Tone, a Dublin Protestant, formed a Society of United Irishmen, whose members swore "never to desert in our efforts until we have subverted the authority of England over our country and asserted our independence." His movement failed, and he died in its cause.

In 1800, the Act of Union abolished the Irish Parliament and made Ireland an integral province of the United Kingdom. During the 19th century, Irish nationalists fought the enforced union, mostly with the fiery words of such famed parliamentary orators as Daniel O'Connell and Charles Stewart Parnell.

The cause was also pushed along by

## THE WORLD

the nationalist zeal of the romantic, rambunctious Fenians, who eventually fathered the I.R.A. Their principal organization was the Irish Republican Brotherhood, which was founded on St. Patrick's Day, 1858, to carry on Wolfe Tone's dream of independence. Vaguely socialist in doctrine, the Brotherhood specialized in random bombings and produced its share of patriotic heroes for Ireland to keen over. Among the most famous—although hardly the most successful—were "the Manchester Martyrs," Michael Larkin, William Allen and Michael O'Brien, who were hanged in Manchester in 1867 for shooting an English constable while they tried to rescue a fellow Fenian from a police van.

**Evil Spirit.** The British hounded the outlaw Fenians. Toward the end of the century, though, Home Rule for Ireland became a realistic possibility. Its most notable advocate was four-time Liberal Prime Minister William Gladstone. He tried to exorcise the "evil spirit" of Ireland from Westminster by disestablishing the Anglican Church there and by providing British-government funds for Catholic peasants to buy land from Protestant landlords. Yet in any discussion of autonomy for Ireland, the sticking point was always Ulster, whose Protestants feared the consequences of any kind of separation from England. In 1886, Gladstone's government was defeated on the Home Rule issue by the Tories, the most vocal of whom was Lord Randolph Churchill (Sir Winston's father), who coined a ringing slogan that ardent Orangemen still remember today: "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right."

A Home Rule bill was passed by Parliament in 1914, but implementation was put off until the end of World War I, partly to ward off the possibility of an uprising by the militant Irish Volunteer Force founded in 1913 by Irish Protestants determined

to fight home rule. The war, however, brought a new complication: the Easter Rebellion. In 1905, the Fenians had reorganized into a formal political party called the Sinn Féin (Our-selves Alone). Eight years later, some of its members helped form the rebel militia that eventually became known as the Irish Republican Army. On Easter Monday, 1916, the poet Padraic Pearse, one of the founding heroes of the I.R.A., stood in front of Dublin's General Post Office and read out a proclamation declaring Ireland a republic. The Easter Rebellion was easily crushed. The British executed 15 of its leaders, including Pearse: about 3,500 men and 79 women were placed under arrest.

The brutality of suppression made heroes and martyrs of the wild-eyed I.R.A. troopers in their makeshift gray-green uniforms and slouch hats. Many of them refused to lay down arms even after partition in 1921. This established the Irish Free State in the South, and in the North left six counties of Ulster predominantly Protestant (see map) as an integral part of the United Kingdom, with its own Parliament at Stormont. First the gunmen fought against the Black and Tans, the hated English force that policed the last vestige of British rule in the early '20s, an era immortalized in John Ford's classic film *The Informer*.

**Stealth and Ambush.** The exploits of those years of remembered glory were characterized by stealth, ambush, assassination and intimidation. Arms caches and the police were the main targets. On Jan. 21, 1919, gunmen raiding a cart of explosives killed two Royal Irish Constabulary guards, thereby causing the first British deaths since the Easter Rising. Gunmen began ambushing the constables from behind walls and ditches. In November 1919, a daring raid by the I.R.A. Cork Brigade cleaned out the arms from a British sloop in Bantry Bay. The Irish

public tacitly supported the cause with boycotts of British goods.

The following year, as the attacks increased, the Tans retaliated. On Nov. 1, 1920, Kevin Barry, an 18-year-old medical student and I.R.A. volunteer, was hanged for his role in a Dublin raid. The Tans burned Catholic homes and even fired into a crowd at a football game, killing twelve and wounding 60. Nothing deterred the gunmen, who pulled off their most spectacular raid on May 25, 1921. The I.R.A.'s Dublin Brigade burned down the custom house, the seat of nine British administrative departments and the local government board.

**New Life.** Later, the gunmen fought against the newly organized Free State government, because it had accepted partition and taken an oath of allegiance to the crown. Even when Éamon de Valéra, a commander of the Easter Rebellion, took over as Free State Prime Minister in 1932, the I.R.A. kept up the struggle. De Valéra was ultimately forced to round up and intern many of his old comrades in arms.

Still the gunmen persisted, and during World War II they almost perished for so doing. I.R.A. diehards waged terrorist bombing campaigns against Britain during the war—sometimes with Nazi help. This so threatened Irish neutrality that De Valéra turned on the I.R.A. mercilessly. He had three members shot; two more were hanged, while others languished for years in the dreaded Curragh internment camp. Proudly, Ireland's Minister of Justice announced in 1947 that the I.R.A. was dead.

In fact, it nearly was. When remnants of the army gathered at Bodens-town in 1949 for their annual ceremonies honoring Wolfe Tone, the Dublin Brigade, supposedly the strongest unit in Ireland, had barely 40 men on its roster. Political events of 1949 gave the I.R.A. a new life. In

EXECUTION OF I.R.A. REBEL THOMAS McDONAGH IN DUBLIN, FOLLOWING EASTER WEEK INSURRECTION OF 1916





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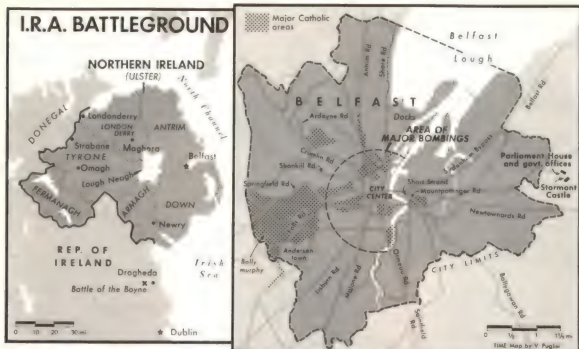
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that year, the government in Dublin proclaimed the old Irish Free State a republic and took it out of the Commonwealth. Britain's Parliament promptly passed the Ireland Act, which has ever since been the mainstay of Protestant determination to maintain the ties with London. Under the act, Ulster remains a British province with its own Parliament, until Stormont chooses to unite the six counties with those of the South—which, of course, it defiantly chooses not to do.

**Deprived Minority.** The act strengthened the iron-fisted and arrogant rule of Ulster's Protestant majority. In many ways, Northern Ireland resembled a Southern U.S. state, like Mississippi or Alabama, where a minority—in Ireland's case, of Catholics rather than blacks—was systematically deprived of social and political justice. Catholics were herded into grimy urban ghettos like Londonderry's Bogside or Belfast's dank Falls Road. A graduation certificate from a Catholic school was usually enough to disqualify a man from a good job; in Ulster, Catholic unemployment is as much as twice the province's average. The persuasive power in Ulster was not so much the government as the Union of Orange Lodges (200,000 members). To celebrate King Billy's Day, Protestants wearing the Orange sash and bearing aloft portraits of William of Orange would parade through or near Catholic areas in an arrogant display of religious and political superiority.

The I.R.A. was less concerned with the repression of Catholics than with partition, but the resentments stirred up in 1949 gave it fresh hope. Under an austere new leader named Tony

Magan who has since retired, the army between 1951 and 1954 carried out a series of spectacular arms raids—some in the North, some across the channel in England itself. Just before Christmas 1956, the I.R.A. struck against Ulster at 117 points along or near the border.

The campaign was a fiasco. The Catholics of Ulster were not then prepared to support the I.R.A.; the government of Ireland in the South was unwilling to tolerate a military invasion of British territory from its soil. By 1962, utterly humiliated, the I.R.A. called off the campaign.

The defeat led to a good deal of soul-searching and a severe ideological split. What became the smaller official wing of the army, led by Chief of Staff Cathal Goulding, argued that gunplay without political activism would lead to further defeats. This line led to increasing cooperation with Ireland's minuscule Communist Party and an eventual decision to form a "national liberation front." The so-called Provisionals of Sean MacStiofáin insisted on military means first. Although most of the I.R.A. units opted for the Provos, the division between the rival groups was and is bitter. For a time, army units in Belfast spent as much time fighting each other as they did the British. A tenuous truce was worked out last March, even though the branches publish separate newspapers, support separate arms of the Sinn Féin, and have no common strategy councils.

The army has always had a phoenixlike ability to rise from the ashes of defeat, and 1968 gave it another lease on life. In that year, Ulster's Cath-

olics, with the support of liberal Protestants, began their civil rights demonstrations for better homes, jobs and an equitable voice in the Stormont government. The protests turned into bloody riots. Mobs of Protestants marched through the Catholic ghettos of Londonderry and Belfast, burning and beating, while the Royal Ulster Constabulary and dreaded Protestant "B special" police auxiliary forces either participated or looked the other way. The riots and their aftermath brought Firebrand Reformer Bernadette Devlin to the fore as an eloquent spokesman for Catholic rights. The troubles also brought to Ulster brigades of British troops, who were at first welcomed as protectors by Catholics offering tea and sympathy.

**Growing Violence.** Under pressure from London, the Stormont government enacted some much-needed reforms—notably the disbanding of the B specials, and the allocation of housing on a merit basis. Gradually, though, the Catholics came to see the British military as enemy rather than friend. The reason was the growing influence of the I.R.A. At first it had merely policed Catholic areas, but in 1970 it began stepping up its preparations for guerrilla warfare. This led to sweeps of Catholic areas by British troops searching for arms—and inevitably to killings by both the I.R.A. and British troops. Last summer, as I.R.A. violence grew, Ulster's Prime Minister Brian Faulkner in desperation invoked the Special Powers Act, which suspended *habeas corpus* and allowed indefinite internment without trial of suspected subversives. Internment was intended only to quash the gunmen;



ULSTER YOUTH WIELDS WATER HOSE

instead it swiftly radicalized thousands of Ulster Catholics, whose support enabled the army to expand and intensify its campaign of selective terror.

For obvious reasons, the I.R.A. leaders will say nothing about the size or strength of the army or the sources of its income. Recruits are continually in training, some in secret camps near Dublin, but the British insist the quality and training of the new men do not match that of the veterans who have been captured, killed or forced out of combat for fear of arrest. Some Ulster policemen claim that the Provos have recruited men "who never would have been allowed into the old I.R.A. They're letting in criminals, drinkers, hooligans."

The army still has plenty of "gear" (guns and ammunition) and "stuff" (explosives), but the British are uncovering more and more arms caches every

MASKED I.R.A. WOMEN IN TRAINING



BOY ARMED WITH SHIELD & STICK  
Ripe for rebellion.

week because of breakdowns in I.R.A. secrecy. The discoveries indicate that the army has no regular source of supply: weapons range from the inaccurate Thompson submachine guns of Chicago gangster days to a few M-1 and Armalite rifles. "In general," says one British ordnance expert, "the I.R.A. scrapes around for any old thing that shoots." Army volunteers (privates) are paid little more than pocket money, and it seems that the I.R.A. has no shortage of funds. Ironically, some gunmen have been getting British unemployment pay of up to \$35 a week. All the moneys raised by Irish organizations in the U.S.—perhaps as much as several hundred thousand dollars this year—is officially earmarked for civilian relief; the suspicion is that some of it finds its way into army coffers.

**Stocking Masks.** Currently, the I.R.A. campaign is concentrated on bombing activities, mainly in Belfast. Action in Londonderry flares up only when British troops invade the Catholic Bogside to make a snatch. The Belfast Provisionals include a couple of hundred volunteers in the bombing organization and perhaps a score or so of gunmen who may each fire only one shot per week. The backroom bomb makers rarely venture out, leaving the dirty work to carriers, most of them inexperienced teen-agers. Six have died in bombing accidents this winter. The campaign is not yet a children's crusade, but the volunteers get younger; in one Belfast district the Provo chief is only 19.

A strange mixture of secrecy and

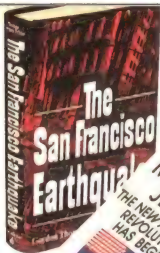
foolhardy openness marks the I.R.A. operation. On missions, the gunmen are often disguised by stocking masks, and move nightly from house to house to avoid arrest. Yet in the North near the border, army chiefs practically commute from home and family to their outlawed work. In the South, escaped internees hold TV press conferences. While I.R.A. men still execute informers, there are telephone numbers to call for accurate information on whether Provos or Officials are claiming credit for an operation. The war is one of both violence and propaganda.

**Risky Thing.** Today even I.R.A. leaders concede that the army is "under pressure" in Belfast from the British. "It's getting to be a very risky thing to pick off a tommy," admits a leading Provisional. "In three minutes the area can be sealed off." Elsewhere in Ulster, the Provos claim—probably accurately—that they operate with little risk of discovery. Farmers regularly call on the I.R.A. for armed protection as they go out to fill in the craters in roads blown up by British explosives.

The army boasts that popular support for its methods and goals remains strong among the Northern Catholics. Austin Currie, an opposition M.P. in the Stormont Parliament, agrees: "Because of internment, there is more support for the violent men than ever before in my experience." Very little of that sympathy comes from the conservative hierarchy of the Catholic Church, which three decades ago threatened to excommunicate any Catholic who joined the army. In his Christmas message, for instance, Bishop William McFeely of Raphoe condemned "the callous men who are now prepared to plunge this whole county into anarchy and strife. We must be on our guard against the untold evil that unthinking words and actions could do to this country."

Just as in the fight for the Irish Free State, when the bishops favored British rule but the priests sympathized with the republicans, there are plenty of priests today who openly aid the army. "We condemn them and we confess them," as one Ulster priest puts it. Some of them have called upon the hierarchy to denounce both the British practice of internment suspected revolutionaries and the guerrillas' use of violence. One pro-army priest, Father Michael Connolly of Tipperary, flamboyantly asserts that the I.R.A. campaign is "not just a war, but a holy war against pagans and people who have no respect for human dignity."

Many British officials seem to be convinced that the I.R.A. holds power at least partly by fear. More objective observers suggest that the army's power is based on its quixotic appeal to the Irish imagination. It is an imagination fired by songs and poems about legendary deeds and martyred patriots,



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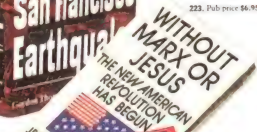
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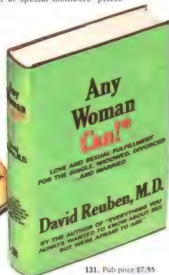
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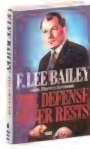
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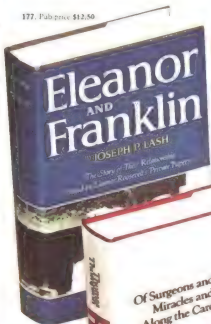
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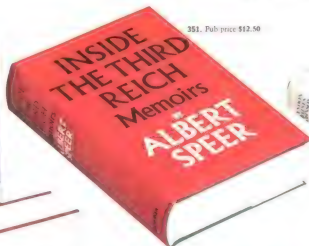


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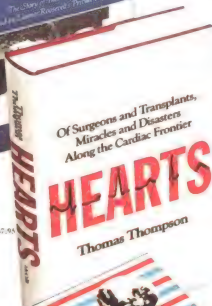
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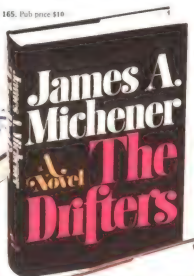


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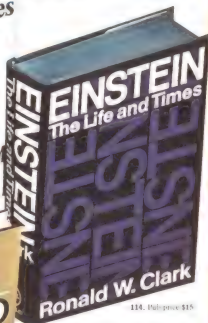
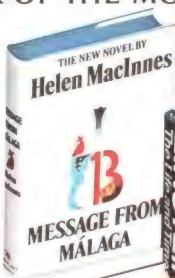


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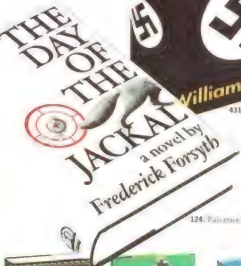
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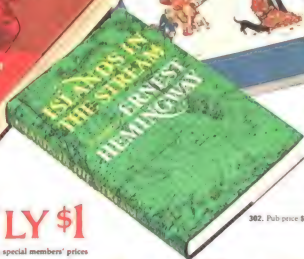
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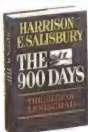
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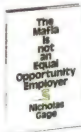
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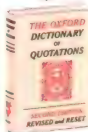
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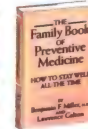
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such as William Butler Yeats' poem of the Rising in Easter 1916:

*I write it out in a verse—  
MacDonagh and MacBride  
And Connolly and Pearse  
Now and in time to be.  
Wherever green is worn,  
Are changed, changed utterly:  
A terrible beauty is born.*

The I.R.A., in fact, thrives as much on failures as successes: martyrs who are caught in the act are as useful to

the cause as terrorists who get away. Unlike the abortive campaign of 1956-62, when many Ulster Catholics refused to aid or shelter the gunmen, the present guerrilla war has the overwhelming sympathy of Northern Ireland's Catholic minority. Thanks to the one-sided enforcement of the international laws and the massive presence of the British troops, the Catholics are now almost wholly alienated from Stormont. The only question is whether it will be the I.R.A. or the non-

violent politicians of the Social and Democratic Labor Party opposition who will speak for them when negotiations for a settlement begin.

The Provos do not expect to win the war in conventional military terms. Their strategy is to make the crisis so costly that the British government will be forced into direct rule, thus bringing about a London-Dublin confrontation over Ulster. Army officials believe that terrorism has shocked the British into rethinking their attitudes

## A Portrait Gallery of Provisionals

**A**BOUT 80% of the members of the Irish Republican Army now belong to its militant, fiercely nationalistic Provisional wing. Three men closely identified with its leadership:

**SEAN MACSTIOFÁIN**, 42, the army's Southern-based chief of staff. He was born near London, and until twelve years ago he answered to both his English name, John Stephenson, and his adopted Gaelic name. Caught up in the republican movement through his Irish heritage, he married an Irish girl from Cork after having served three years in the R.A.F. and joined the I.R.A. He also worked for British Railways as a trainee inspector, a job that gave him free tickets to Ireland for himself and his family. Imprisoned at Wormwood Scrubbs in 1953 for his part in an I.R.A. raid for arms, he learned Gaelic, read revolutionary literature, and picked up a knowledge of modern Greek from the EOKA prisoners from Cyprus who were in jail with him. "The Greek Cypriots," he says, "proved that successful guerrilla warfare is possible in a small country."

After his release from prison, MacStiofáin moved to Ireland, where he worked a bit as a traveling salesman and as an employee of the Gaelic Athletic Association but devoted most of his time to the movement. Although I.R.A. units in the North are responsible for tactical decisions, MacStiofáin as chief of staff is consulted on overall strategy. He neither drinks nor smokes, and his command presence is unmistakable. A fervent nationalist who would impose Gaelic on Ireland as its sole language if he had his way, MacStiofáin is ferociously anti-British. "I have always accepted the inevitability of force," he says in his incongruously flat London accent. "I could never see any way to achieve Ireland's freedom otherwise."

**RUARÍ Ó BRADAIGH**, president of the Provisional wing of the Sinn Féin, the Dublin-based party that is sometimes described as the I.R.A. political arm. Just short of 40, with a high-domed, cherubic face, he looks less like an I.R.A. veteran than a high school teacher, which is what he is—although he has little time for classes these days. He works full time tending the republican movement's aboveground political machinery, leading street demonstrations, making speeches and running its propaganda campaign. He is the Sinn Féin's most visible face.

There was a time, however, when Ó Bradaigh was an I.R.A. gunman. Twice he served as the army's chief of staff. In 1956 he led an armed column of raiders up from the South to attack police barracks in Ulster, which landed him in Dublin's Brixton Prison on his re-

turn. While still in jail, he was elected to the Irish Dáil (House of Representatives) on the Sinn Féin ticket, but he did not serve. During the late 1960s, he was one of those who opposed the growing Marxist influence in the movement ("The Communists would have stolen the movement's suit, its clothes, its name") and helped form the breakaway Provisional wing. British policy, he says firmly today, only intensifies Irish resistance. "They're creating junior I.R.A. men every day. They're sowing dragons' teeth."

**JOE CAHILL**, 51, former commander of the I.R.A.'s Belfast Brigade. In 1942, Cahill and a handful of other

BY SULLIVAN, CAMERA 2



JOE CAHILL

LARRY DOWNEY



RUARÍ Ó BRADAIGH

REYNOLDS



SEAN MACSTIOFÁIN (in 1953)

young I.R.A. volunteers were assigned to divert police attention so that other army units in Belfast could stage an illegal parade celebrating the 1916 Easter uprising. Almost by accident, a gun battle broke out, killing a policeman; Joe and five other youths were captured and sentenced to be hanged. Three days before the scheduled execution, five of the boys, including Cahill, were reprieved; their leader, Tommy Williams, 19, went alone to the gallows, after telling his comrades that "he would look out for us, look out for Ireland, in the place he was going to."

Cahill served seven years in prison, which he put to good use, learning Gaelic and Irish history. After his release, he reported back to the I.R.A. A construction foreman by trade, hard-listed Joe Cahill was one of the gunmen who muscled the I.R.A. "Officials" out of control of the Belfast Brigade. Later he became brigade commander himself.

After a brazen press conference in Belfast last August—held virtually under the noses of patrolling British soldiers—Cahill went South to plan a speaking tour of the U.S. But U.S. Immigration barred his entry, ostensibly because of his prison record. Staunchly nationalist, vaguely socialist, Cahill says that "the British rule in Ireland is the main cause of our trouble. If a permanent solution is not found this time, the trouble will continue."



and that this has brought unification nearer. If this is so, the gamble on the gun may well succeed.

The I.R.A. assault has done more than anything else in 50 years to turn British policy toward finding ways to end the haunting question of Britain's first colony. Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson has suggested a 15-point, 15-year program for unification that has been welcomed in principle by Prime Minister Heath's government. Even in Ulster, the Rev. Ian Paisley, leader of the Protestant militants, has declared that traditional Unionism is finished, and formed his own breakaway group, the Democratic Unionist Party, without ties to the Orange Order. Ulster Prime Minister Faulkner has intimated that Paisley has been talking with Provisional leaders, and that the army is now beginning to see the Paisleyites "as people with whom some sort of a deal might be done."

**Stake in the Future.** Fear of a Westminster "sellout" now dominates the Protestant community, despite assurances by Faulkner and Heath. MacStiofain contends that these fears are unjustified: "We have no interest in treating the Protestants harshly. We don't want them to leave the North. We want them to accept that they are Irish, that they have a stake in the future of this country."

Such words are small reassurance to dedicated Unionists like Billy Hull, chairman of the Loyalist Association of Workers (L.A.W.). Hull worries that Ulster may be abandoned by "perfidious Albion" and that Protestants may share the fate of those prewar "Czechoslovaks who woke up one morning and found themselves Germans." Says Hull: "If we're sold down the drain, there wouldn't be civil war. There would be armed rebellion against the government of Britain."

Thus unification could well lead to a bloody replay of the present situation, with Protestant guerrillas taking up arms for their liberties. Clearly, their rights would have to be ensured in a united, predominantly Catholic Ireland—although it is far from clear just how. The Provos, who tend to be rather cloudy in their thinking about the political future, favor a federation of Ireland's four ancient provinces (Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught), each with its own parliament and a measure of internal autonomy.

In the meantime, the I.R.A. appears capable of playing its cruel, destructive patriot game to the end. For better or worse, the words that Pearse spoke in 1915 over the grave of the Fenian patriot O'Donovan Rossa now reverberate across Ireland with every gunshot and bomb blast: "They think they have pacified Ireland... but the fools, the fools, the fools! They have left us our Fenian dead, and while Ireland holds these graves, Ireland unfree shall never be at peace."

## NIGERIA

### Recovery After Biafra

*Let us pull ourselves together  
each to each, here,  
as brothers with brother, pooled,  
Take past events as the  
repentant woman's past,  
always forgotten and always retold.*  
—Pol Ndu, Ibo poet (1971)

Slowly and somewhat painfully, the Federal Republic of Nigeria, Africa's richest, most powerful and most populous nation (about 60 million), is pulling itself together after the devastating civil war that ended two years ago. A reconciliation of sorts has taken place between the federal government, headed by General Yakubu Gowon, and the secessionist republic of Biafra, now Nigeria's East Central state. The scars of war, physical as well as psychological, have mostly faded. The sole reminders of the airstrip at Uli—Biafra's only gateway to the outside world during the long federal siege—are the rusting hulks of five relief planes that missed the runway in the darkness; the strip itself is a highway once more.

All Nigeria is full of boom talk, and the country has enormous economic potential. It is rich in cash crops—cocoa, peanuts, palm oil, coal and iron ore. Most important is oil, which was discovered there in 1956. With a current output of 1,700,000 bbl. a day, Nigeria has passed Iraq and Canada to become the world's ninth largest oil producer. The government's share of the profits is expected to surpass \$1 billion this year and \$1.25 billion next year.

Prosperity, however, has been accompanied by the paradoxical growing pains that so often affect industrializing nations. The country is suffering from high unemployment (an estimated 1,000,000 are jobless in the East Central state alone). Most basic services—roads, telephones, water and power—are in chaos and disrepair; the luxurious Ikoyi Hotel outside of Lagos, for instance, is often waterless for days at a time. Goods rot on their way to market because of highway snarls, and according to a recent survey, the chances of completing a telephone call in Lagos are only 1 in 10.

**Return of Dosh.** What's wrong? Bureaucratic bottlenecks account for some of the trouble: officials of Nigeria's twelve states claim they have yet to see development money supposedly appropriated by the federal government. Another factor is massive corruption—known as "dash"—which once again is a fact of Nigerian life. "When we ask what's happened to our money," says one state development official, "Lagos tells us it's on the way—that it's been put into the 'development pipeline.' But it never comes out. Either the pipeline is blocked or the pipeline is porous."

General Gowon, 37, a popular and honest leader who still lives in a run-down military barrack, has vowed to return the government to civilian hands in 1976. In the meantime, his army—which accounts for an exorbitant 34% of the \$1.1 billion federal budget—is enjoying the perquisites of power. Staff officers ride through the capital in chauffeur-driven Mercedes sedans, just as civilian politicians used to do. In the expensive suburbs of Lagos, there are scores of new homes and



**PROSPEROUS MARKET SCENE IN IBO VILLAGE OF EAST CENTRAL STATE**  
A reconciliation of sorts has taken place.



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# Engineering Teamwork all-American style



These three young people work together in Bethlehem's reinforcing bar engineering department in Seattle.

Charles James, at right, advanced from trainee to assistant chief draftsman in four years. He is responsible for all trainee instruction in his office. Born on the Tulalip Indian Reservation near Seattle, he worked part-time as a commercial fisherman to finance his education at both technical school and college. After graduation he held several jobs before joining Bethlehem as a trainee detailer.

Now it is Charles James who helps our trainees to learn the ropes.

Marvin Williams, at left, is one of these trainees. He was an ironworker apprentice, but a back injury made it necessary for him to seek less strenuous employment. His interest in the trainee program is evidenced by his enrollment in a night course to speed his knowledge of drafting skills.

When asked how she liked her work, Karen Hoyer, a detailer trainee, replied: "The guys I work with are terrific. The only static I've had is from a few customers who didn't believe I was a Bethlehem detailer when I telephoned to ask some questions about a construction job. They called back to confirm that I was a Bethlehem employee."

These three employees of dissimilar backgrounds serve to remind all of us that there is nothing in modern technology that takes the place of dedicated people working in close harmony.

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**GENERAL YAKUBU GOWON**  
*Is the pipeline porous?*

apartment buildings whose owners are officers and gentlemen. Many Nigerians believe that corruption is worse in Lagos today than it was in 1966, when the army seized power.

In contrast to the rest of Nigeria, the war-damaged East Central state is healing at an extraordinary pace. Thanks largely to postwar medical attention and food supplies, a majority of Biafra's starving children have miraculously survived; the state has 1,100,000 children in school—more than it had before the war. New buildings are sprouting amid the wreckage, and the great market at Aba is booming again.

The Aba textile mill was bombed five times during the war, and its machinery was looted, vandalized and scattered; yet its technicians managed to put it back into operation in five months. Nigerian army engineers estimated that it would take a year to rebuild the badly damaged waterworks at Nsukka. Ibo engineers did it in three weeks. The state abounds with similar tales. As the American manager of the Aba mill, a North Carolinian named W.A. Way, puts it: "Ain't no power on earth gonna hold these people back."

**Last on the List.** The recovery was made possible by Gowon's insistence that the Ibos, the most energetic and aggressive of Nigeria's 15 major tribes, should not be persecuted in defeat. Some 65 rebel officers have been allowed to rejoin the federal army. The state government is entirely in the hands of Ibos; the state administrator, Ukpabi Asika, was a federal loyalist during the war, but several of his commissioners and fully 99% of his civil servants fought on the Biafran side. Like many other influential Ibos who

were closely involved with the Biafran regime, Novelists Chinua Achebe and Cyprian Ekwensi live in freedom in the East Central state today; both have returned to their writing.

It is also true, however, that the Ibos have been subjected to some discrimination. Shortly after the war ended, Major General Adeyinka Adeniyi, the army's second-ranking officer, vowed that the Ibos, having lost the war, would not be permitted to win the peace. Many Nigerians, both in and out of the federal government, seem determined to defend those words. Most Ibos who held civil service jobs outside the East Central state before the war have been unable to win them back, even when no other qualified Nigerians are available to fill them. The East Central state is occupied by two federal army divisions, and it receives far less than its share of federal development funds. "The word is out," says one foreign-aid official, "that the East Central state is last on the list for everything, even books."

With its size and burgeoning economy, the Nigerian giant may yet succeed in strengthening and stabilizing all of Black Africa. Its progress will be seriously impeded, however, by its failure to achieve what Poet Pol Ndu described as the pooling of brothers with brother.

## HONG KONG

### Marco Polo's Mixer

In the international community of Hong Kong, few invitations are more coveted than the simple postcard reminder mailed once a month to 200 or so carefully chosen residents of the British Colony. The card requests their presence at cocktails, a European-style formal dinner, and a screening of Chinese films on the last Thursday of each month in a private dining room of the Mandarin Hotel. The recipients—journalists, businessmen, trade representatives and consular officials—seldom decline this summons. All of them are members of the Marco Polo Club, the world's only social organization in which Westerners can meet regularly and informally with officials of the People's Republic of China.

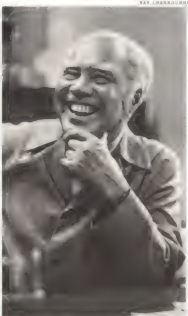
The club, which was founded in 1956, has no dues, and guests pay for their own dinners and drinks. The main attraction for the Westerners, Japanese and others who attend the meetings is the opportunity to sound out, over whisky and soda, representatives from such organizations as the New China News Agency and the Bank of China on the latest developments in mainland China. Usually, about 30 Communist officials attend the dinners.

The man who keeps both the conversation and the guests circulating af-

fably is the club's founder, a witty, white-haired retired lawyer named Percy Chen, 70. Born in Trinidad into a wealthy, land-owning Chinese family, Chen is an atypical apologist for the People's Republic. He studied at University College in London and did his legal apprenticeship at the Middle Temple, one of London's prestigious Inns of Court. Even today, his accent is impeccably British, and he speaks very little Chinese.

**Making Friends.** A visit to China in 1926 as a tourist extended into a permanent stay when Chen realized that he "had come home." He was given a post in the Nationalist foreign ministry, of which his father, Eugene Chen, was the head. He became increasingly disenchanted with the inability of the Nationalists to cope with China's "15th century conditions" and gave his support to the Communists. In 1947, he established a private law practice in Hong Kong.

"I am an Overseas Chinese," says



**CLUB FOUNDER PERCY CHEN**  
*For the motherland.*

Chen. "For 45 years I have tried to work for the good of my motherland. The old warlord China was a burden on the world. Now China can help others. I think it is ready to play a positive and constructive role."

Because of the coldness in Sino-American relations, Chen until this year refused to let U.S. citizens attend the Marco Polo dinners. The rules have now been changed so that American residents of Hong Kong who have visited the mainland can join the club. The list of eligibles is certain to expand soon. In Chen's cheery words, "As more and more friends are made, the club will continue to grow."



As the birthday boy appeared on the crowded veranda of his house in San Juan, Puerto Rico, a 38-man choir burst into Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*. Famous Man **Pablo Casals**, cellist, composer, humanitarian, was celebrating his 95th birthday, surrounded by



CASALS AT 95  
"Savages."

hordes of friends and mountains of letters, cables and presents from all over the world. The festivities have been going on for several weeks, and are scheduled to last for at least another fortnight: Nonagenarian Casals, with his 35-year-old wife Maritza, has been enjoying every minute of them. He was depressed, however, by atrocity photographs from Bengal and observed: "Savages! We are all savages. To obtain peace at the rate we are going will take another 300 years. But we must start now."

Will people be shocked in the year 2014 by the cliché-crammed love letters from a U.S. President to a married woman? Not until then will the public get a peek at the more than 250 letters that **Warren Gamaliel Harding** wrote between 1909 and 1920 to Mrs. Carrie Phillips, wife of a department store owner in Marion, Ohio. Harding Biographer Francis Russell discovered the correspondence in 1963, but Harding's heirs sued to block publication, and now it has been agreed to immure the letters in the Library of Congress for the next 42 years. By that time their impact may be mild indeed. "Compared to what is available today in any drugstore hookrack," says

Russell, "Harding's eroticism is naive and even pathetic as the quality of his mind peeps through the bouidoir phrases. The letters, if they can be considered shocking—as some of them can—are more so because they were written by a President of the United States than through the tumescence of their content."

Attorney General **John Mitchell** has demonstrated that **Martha** isn't the only stand-up comedian in the family. Called upon to pinch-hit for his sick wife as commentator at a Martha Mitchell Fashion Fiesta in Tempe, Ariz., John wowed the audience of 1,200 with some gags right out of the old Keith-Albee circuit. When a woman sponsor of the show asked him at the microphone, "May I call you John?", he cracked back, "Yes, if I may call you later." Giving the models an appreciative eye: "I don't know about the clothes but the rest of the merchandise is great." Told by a woman that she had just talked to the ailing Mrs. Mitchell on the phone, John was right there with the comeback, "Who doesn't?" he asked.

In 36 years of married life, Israel's **Moshe Dayan** has accumulated a notable collection of honors: war hero, general, Minister of Defense. Moshe and Ruth Dayan also have three children and five grandchildren, but otherwise their marriage has been far from blessed. Now it has ended with a rabbinical divorce. "All Israelis are friends, so Moshe and I will remain friends," said Ruth. Some newspapers speculated that another friend, handsome Divorcee Rachel Korem, might soon be the new Mrs. Dayan.



RUTH & MOSHE DAYAN

An Israeli marriage that has been blessed with friendship.

Fugitive **Timothy Leary**, 51—one-time Harvard psychologist, onetime drug-culture guru, onetime convict in San Luis Obispo, Calif., and onetime member of Black Panther Leader **Eldridge Cleaver's** expatriate flock in Algiers—may have found a resting place at last. Swiss authorities have rejected U.S. demands that Leary be extradited to serve out the rest of his ten-year California sentence for possession of marijuana. The Swiss felt, as one official put it, that ten years was much too still a penalty for "finding two marijuana butts in the ashtray of a car that did not even belong to Leary."

It sounded almost like a dream ten years ago, when a syndicate headed by **Karim**, the young **Ago Khan**, announced the development of Sardinia's Costa Smeralda as a multimillion-dollar superresort. Hotels have since been abuilding, tourists arriving, yachts dropping anchor. But then it began to look like a dream again. Said Karim: "We have not found the expected support in Sardinia." Moved by the jet set's response, Karim promptly reversed himself. Once more the dream seems real.

The man who gave Russian workers the speedup back in 1935 has resurfaced. **Alexei Stakhanov** became Stalin's original "shock worker" by producing 102 tons of coal in a six-hour shift—eleven times the norm. Soviet officials then used the high output of dedicated "Stakhanovites" as a pretext to raise production quotas for everyone. Now 66, Stakhanov told *Pravda* that there was too much emphasis on production statistics, "machines, automation, percentages and tons." When it came time to praise the workers, he said, he had seen party officials giving out awards while sneaking glances at their wristwatches. "Praise should not be routine," declared Comrade Stakhanov. "It should come from the bottom of the heart."



RACHEL KOREM

## Magazines in Jeopardy

The nation's nearly 10,000 magazines face a severe new cost squeeze that threatens to be fatal for some. Reason: huge prospective rate increases by the Postal Service, the main distribution channel for most of the publications. In setting up the service as successor to the Federal Post Office Department, whose deficits were met from Government funds, Congress required that mailing charges should cover most postal costs. The service translated this into a request for a boost in second-class material (magazines and newspapers) that would average about 150% over five years, or 30% annually.\*

While this astounding proposal was being debated, an interim increase of 25% was put into effect last May and was left in force after the Administration's August wage-price freeze. Now it appears that the Postal Service will be exempted from Phase II guidelines. In a press conference, Donald Rumsfeld, director of the Cost of Living Council, announced that the service need only "certify" the need for increased rates and that no controls should "prevent the full recovery of costs."

**Doing Damage.** While the Postal Service remains free of guidelines, publishing businesses are very much subject to Phase II restraints in what they can charge readers and advertisers. (An exemption for the communications industry was dropped from legislation passed by Congress last month.) But even if there were no Phase II inhibitions on prices, magazines would still be in jeopardy. The industry has been suffering from rising costs and declining profits in recent years, and passing along huge additional costs could only inflict more damage. To raise subscription prices radically would drive away readers; to hike advertising rates significantly might encourage business to use other outlets, particularly television. The primary reason cited by Gardner Cowles for folding *Look* was the anticipated postal increase.

Just how much that increase would come to is still uncertain. The independent Postal Rate Commission is awaiting a report on the Postal Service's request from a hearing examiner. The commission must then make its own finding, which goes to the board of governors that oversees postal operations. There has been speculation that the rate commission might cut the increase, but whether it would come down to a level that the industry considers bearable is doubtful.

The effect on individual publica-

tions would be uneven. The new second-class rates are set by the piece in a complicated formula that takes into account mailing distance as well as weight. Weeklies would be hit harder than monthlies because of greater mailing frequency, and large-circulation weeklies would be hit harder still because of their great volume. Time Inc., as the nation's largest magazine publisher (*TIME*, *LIFE*, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, *FORTUNE*), would suffer the biggest second-class boost of all—from \$15.4 million to \$42.4 million, based on 1970 circulation levels. That increase



COLC DIRECTOR RUMSFELD  
Uncertain outcome.

of \$27 million substantially exceeds what the magazines earned last year; it amounts to approximately two-thirds of the corporation's estimated pretax profit for all activities in 1971. *Newsweek's* postage would nearly double in five years under the original rate request and considerably exceed its 1970 profit.

The Postal Service contends that second-class rates have been artificially low for decades and that magazine mailers must pay both direct cost and a share of the service's general overhead. Magazine publishers are willing to pay more: *LIFE* in August proposed 60% over five years. But the industry argues that the proposed new rates are grossly unfair because they do not take into account the ease with which magazines can be handled: many are now presorted and sacked, requiring only minimal processing by postal employees. The publishers contend therefore that too high a proportion of Postal Service overhead is assigned to second class. Post offices, mail trucks, sorters and carriers are, after all, required primarily for processing first-class mail.

Besides, while Congress wants the Postal Service to try to recover costs, that is only one ingredient in setting new rates. Other factors must be weighed against it. The Postal Reorganization Act that set up the Postal Service specifies eight criteria, including the value of the mails to senders and recipients, and the effect of new rates on the public. Testifying before the rate commission on behalf of his monthly magazine *Decision*, Evangelist Billy Graham demanded a "social evaluation of the relative merits of various rates."

**Unique Role.** Theodore Peterson, dean of the University of Illinois College of Communications, pleaded that "magazines have been important in drawing up the agenda of national issues and problems for public discussion and debate." Others recalled that higher postal rates imposed four years ago in Canada brought about widespread magazine failures and cutbacks there. A Canadian parliamentary committee, in deploring that result, said: "A free flow of information is vital to our national existence." While the Washington rate hearings were going on, the *New Republic* said: "Once prosperous magazines have folded; others, large and small, are on the skids and may go under" if the Postal Service request prevails.

In his testimony, Hedley Donovan, editor in chief of *Time* Inc., contended that mass-circulation, general-interest magazines in particular "play a unique and indispensable role in American education and political processes" and must be allowed to be "vigorously competitive and reasonably profitable." Unlike local newspapers, Donovan said, magazines "have done much to create national audiences. They enrich our national dialogue. But the present quality, competitiveness and openness of the magazine field cannot be long sustained if profits do not improve beyond current levels."

If the new second-class rates go through approximately as proposed, profits are sure to fall rather than rise—disastrously in some cases. The industry's search for more efficient operating techniques has been stepped up, but most publishers had already made drastic economies even before the postal increase was proposed. Other distribution systems are under study to reduce or eliminate the postage cost, including the servicing of subscriptions with coupons redeemable for magazines at newsstands. But such schemes so far seem both clumsy and prohibitively expensive.

Perhaps some day magazines may be delivered by electronics, cheaply and efficiently. But facsimile technology lags, and "that day is a long way off," according to Stephen E. Kelly, president of the Magazine Publishers Association. "If the rates become effective as proposed," Kelly says, "some of us won't be around to see it."

\* Since World War II, no annual second-class increase had exceeded 14%. The average yearly increase was 6.8%.

## Mass Accord

The Roman Catholic Church has taught for centuries that at the moment of consecration in the Mass, the bread and wine undergo "transubstantiation," becoming the actual substance of Christ's body and blood, even though they keep the same appearance. The Thirty-Nine Articles, established by the Church of England after its 16th century split with Rome, said that transubstantiation was "repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions." Thus the difference in the way they look on the rite of Communion is one of the major barriers in reuniting the two churches.

**The Latest Step.** Last week a joint theology commission released a paper reporting a "substantial agreement on the doctrine of the Eucharist," which, they added portentously, was "the most important statement for Anglicans and Roman Catholics since the Reformation." The international commission, which grew out of the 1966 meeting of Pope Paul VI and the Archbishop of Canterbury, worked for two years on the new 1,500-word document, which they completed last September. The Pope and the Archbishop have only now agreed to release the statement, but simply as a basis for further study—not as church teaching. Nonetheless, the commission report implies that any remaining theological differences on the central issue of the Eucharist are not major enough to forestall inter-Communion which some observers expect within the decade.

This is only the latest in a series of quiet, significant steps in ecumenical theology. In recent years, while the Anglican Communion has been down-

grading its Thirty-Nine Articles, many Catholic scholars have been interpreting the doctrine of transubstantiation. Last week's accord leaps over all the Reformation rhetoric and states simply that Communion presupposes Christ's "true presence, effectually signified by the bread and wine, which, in this mystery, become his body and blood." But the document does not use the term transubstantiation except in a footnote that carefully affirms Christ's presence and the "radical" change that occurs, but notes that modern Catholic theology does not define how this happens.

As for the Catholic belief that the Mass re-enacts Christ's sacrifice on the Cross, the statement describes the Eucharistic service as an "anamnesis," or re-presentation, of God's reconciling act in Christ's sacrifice. Answering longstanding Protestant objections that this view of the Mass downgrades Christ's sacrifice on Calvary, the new statement adds that "there can be no repetition or addition to" what Christ accomplished "once and for all" on the Cross.

For churchgoers enthusiastic about ecumenism, all this is good news. But the general agreement on the nature of the Eucharist raises the question of who has the power to bring about the radical change that occurs in the bread and wine. Thus the next logical matter for the international commission of scholars to consider is the validity of Anglican priestly orders, which Rome has never conceded. A step toward some form of Catholic recognition of the orders of other churches has already been taken in theological talks between Catholics and Lutherans in the U.S., based on their earlier agreement on the Eucharist.

Such agreements from like-minded

theologians have taken many years to reach, but even they are far easier to achieve than official church action. The Vatican daily, *L'Osservatore Romano*, was in no hurry even to mention last week's "substantial agreement," and at week's end Britain's 1,300-member Catholic priests' association called for its total rejection.

## Homage to Iemanjá

On New Year's Eve, the white-clad throngs gather on Brazil's beaches after dark, more than a million people in Rio alone. They bear worldly offerings—lipstick, combs, jewelry, perfume, mirrors, flowers—to give to a vain, beautiful sea goddess. Called Iemanjá, she is one of the pantheon worshiped by the various devotees of the pagan cults known as Umbanda, Quimbanda, Candomblé, or—to its detractors—as Macumba.

Near flat altars on the sand stand priests and priestesses: well-dressed Brazilians as well as poor *favelados* line up to receive their blessings. Drums beat, drinking and chanting start, and worshipers seized by spirits begin their slow, rotating dance. As the old year wanes, fireworks flare above the beach. Then at midnight, hundreds of thousands of little homemade rafts bearing the offerings are pushed or paddled far out into the waves. If the offering is "accepted" by Iemanjá it does not wash back onto the shore and it spells a lucky New Year. Hours later the people wander away, and by dawn all that is left on the sand is a mountain of trash, including the forlorn offerings that returned.

The beach rite is the biggest showcase for Brazil's pagan religion, but more intimate celebrations are held all year long. On paper Brazil has the world's largest Catholic population; about 90% of Brazilians call themselves Catholics. Many of them are also among the 20 million or more dev-

PRIEST OF SPIRITISM



BEACH RITE ON NEW YEAR'S EVE IN RIO DE JANEIRO



## RELIGION

otees of spiritism, a term that embraces a spectrum of practices from witchcraft to extra-sensory psychological exercises.

This syncretistic religion has grown out of Brazil's ethnic mixture and unusual degree of miscegenation. Though the indigenous Indians and imported African slaves took on a Christian facade to please the Portuguese colonists, they never really gave up their own religions, and the church, from the beginning, had to accommodate them. Today, many Brazilians practice two religions at once, going to Sunday Mass, then returning to the same church on Monday's "night of the souls" to burn candles invoking their favorite spirits.

Spiritist rites run the gamut from sanitized middle-class meetings with benches set out for tourists, to clandestine nightlong orgies in forest grottos. Whatever the style, all groups believe in a family of "spirits" or *orixás*, who usually resemble Christian saints. Thus Iemanjá, the sea goddess, is identified with the Virgin Mary and Oxossi with St. Sebastian.

The *orixás* can be called forth, through chanting, drumming and prayer, to inhabit the bodies of the worshippers, cure them of ailments, and give them personal advice. The worshiper seeks to become a *cavalo* (horse), inhabited by a spirit, and enter into a semidivine state. In the more African rites, blood from sacrificial goats and chickens is drunk. One priestess customarily breaks a glass and dances on it barefoot with a devotee. In another cult, the priestesses are usually venerated prostitutes.

**Medicinal Trances.** The most famous personalities in the movement are faith healers like Chico Xavier, who is supposed to have no fewer than 500 spirits speaking through him. Xavier's chief rival is Seu Sete (Mister Seven), a woman who sports a top hat, gold-braided tux, and dark glasses. The cigar-smoking Seu Sete, who happens to be inhabited by a male spirit, ministers to 10,000 persons a week.

Though spiritism is practiced mostly by the impoverished urban masses, it also increasingly attracts the well-educated and well-to-do Brazilians, perhaps because of the social upheaval that has taken place since the military regime took over. Spiritism's growth in recent years, in fact, poses a distinct threat to the Catholic church, for the pagan spirits seem more often to be invoked than their saintly counterparts. Rio's Padre Affonso Gregory says the church is losing by default, but that "it would be sterile to attack spiritism without creating something to replace it that would fill the people's needs." The dioceses, he says, "must be made smaller so the people have more contact with the priest. To do this, of course, we need more priests."

## SCIENCE

### The Philadelphia Story

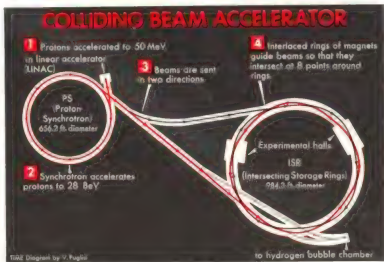
More than 5,000 scientists of every professional persuasion descended on Philadelphia last week for the 138th annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Despite the locale, the five-day-long extravaganza was notable for an absence of brotherly love. As in the past few years, the traditional A.A.A.S. post-Christmas gathering was long on the verbiage of political protest by radical young scientists and short on reports of noteworthy scientific progress.

The tone of the proceedings was established early in the week during an appearance by former Vice President Hubert Humphrey, who came to discuss ways of ensuring peace. His talk was repeatedly disrupted by catcalls; one young scientist even hurled a tomato at the Minnesota Senator (the missile missed). Muttered the tomato

at times the politicking seemed to be welcomed, as when a tall, blonde model passed out literature for a splinter group called the Federation of American Scientists.

Some A.A.A.S. leaders sympathized so strongly with the dissenters that they went out of their way to praise the petulant protests. Environmentalist Barry Commoner, who is a member of the association's board of directors, rebuked Moynihan for his walkout and said that the protests against Humphrey may well have stiffened the Senator's disapproval of U.S. policies in Southeast Asia, which Commoner also has heartily denounced. Added retiring A.A.A.S. President Athelstan Spilhaus: "If there weren't these disruptions, it would mean that these meetings were not significant."

What the meetings did signify scientifically, Geophysicist Spilhaus did not say.



thrower as he was led off by police: "I could have hit him between the eyes if I wanted to." In a counter-protest, former Presidential Aide Daniel Moynihan, now a professor at Harvard and a newly elected A.A.A.S. vice president, angrily canceled his own planned speech (title: "Waste Disposal in an Age of Rubbish") and indignantly told a press conference: "I'm a political scientist and I smell fascism."

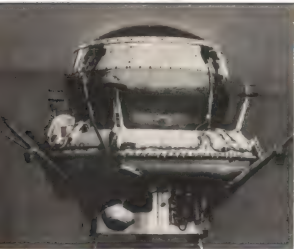
The boisterous outbreaks continued throughout the week, especially during sessions that touched on the relationship between science and society. Eight protesters, for example, sprawled on the floor while panelists discussed ways of meeting U.S. energy needs without jeopardizing the environment. In spite of such annoyances, however, A.A.A.S. leaders were remarkably indulgent, rarely if ever calling on police to evict demonstrators. Indeed,

### Toward Asymptopia

Except for the space program, there is hardly a costlier quest in all of science than exploration of the inner universe of the atom. To peer more deeply into that hidden world—in which more than 100 strange subnuclear particles have already been discovered—scientists have been forced to build ever more powerful atom smashers. Trouble is, the cost of such monsters is now so high—\$250 million, for example, for the 500-billion-electron-volt (BeV) accelerator now nearing completion at Batavia, Ill.—that high-energy physicists are anxiously looking for alternate ways of getting a bigger bang for increasingly scarce bucks.

One economizing technique has now been put to work by imaginative scientists of the 12-nation European nuclear research center (CERN) outside





## The Samovar That Landed on Mars

**N**EARLY a month after the event, the Soviet Union released photographs of its Mars 3 capsule, the first earthly vehicle to make a "soft landing" on the planet Mars. Although they were accompanied by few technical details, the pictures of what looked like a flying samovar gave some clues to its operation: after its conical heat shield (not shown) was jettisoned, a small parachute was released, retarding the capsule's descent slightly in the thin Martian atmosphere. Then the larger

main chute was unfurled from a ring-shaped container under the lander's spherical body. Finally, a burst from the ship's retrorocket provided additional crucial braking for the landing. After only 20 seconds on the surface, however, the lander's TV camera stopped sending signals. Soviet scientists speculated that either the ship sank so deep into Martian dust that it was almost buried or the high winds of the current Martian dust storm sent it crashing into an outcropping of rock.

Geneva. It is incorporated in a remarkable, new and relatively low cost (\$80 million) atom smasher called ISR (for Intersecting Storage Rings) that has broken all existing records.

Apart from ISR, all atom smashers rely on the same basic principle: subatomic particles—usually protons—are accelerated to high velocities and slammed at stationary targets. Upon impact, the nuclei in the target atoms break apart, scattering the fragments for physicists to observe. This "bash-and-see approach" has drawbacks. As an accelerator's bullets approach the speed of light, the strange effects predicted by the relativity theory begin to take a toll: the proton's mass becomes much larger than that of the stationary targets. Much of the proton's energy is spent simply in pushing the target particle. The Soviet Union's giant Serpukhov atom smasher, for example, accelerates protons to 70 billion electron volts, but the actual useful energy on impact is only 12 BeV.

**Energy Bonus.** For their new machine, CERN's planners adopted an ingenious strategy. After being accelerated in the usual way in CERN's 28-BeV synchrotron, protons are deflected with powerful magnets into two large concentric rings. Particles are sent alternately in clockwise and counterclockwise directions in the interlaced vacuum tunnels (see diagram, previous page). The result is two opposing beams of protons, each packing a wallop of 28 BeV, which can meet nearly head-on at eight different points where the rings intersect. In those collisions between protons, both particles can be made to come virtually to a dead stop, making use of most of the energy of impact to shatter the particles. In addition, there is a spectacular energy bonus caused by the effects of relativity. Because the velocity of the particles nears the speed of light, their mass increases dramatically. As a result, the 28-BeV protons collide with an energy equivalent to that produced by a conventional accelerator of nearly 1,500 billion electron volts.

Why didn't physicists try to achieve

such high-powered collisions much earlier? For one thing, protons are so small (less than 0.00000000000025 of an inch in diameter) that many accelerator designers despaired of ever getting two of them to hit each other. In fact, Soviet Physicist Hersh Budker recently compared the marksmanship involved to "a collision of two arrows, one sent by Robin Hood on earth, the other by William Tell on one of the planets of Sirius." Yet the ISR team, led by Norwegian Physicist Kjell Johnsen, managed to increase the odds in favor of collisions. Using their powerful magnets to bundle hundreds of beams together, they created, in effect, two "showers" of protons about half an inch high and three inches across. They contain so many particles that some are bound to collide.

Since ISR went into operation, CERN's colliding beams have been a smashing success. Among other achievements, they have yielded important new information on the proton itself. In the months ahead, they will be used to hunt more elusive quarry: short-lived fragments of matter which are believed to be the "carrier" of the so-called "weak" force in atomic nuclei that leads to their radioactive decay, and the even more mysterious quarks, tiny particles that so far exist only in theory but may be the building blocks of all the other myriad parts of the atom.

CERN's new machine has created worldwide excitement among physicists. Russia's Budker is already working on a colliding beam accelerator that will bring together protons and their antimatter opposites, antiprotons. Such experiments may provide answers to theorists who believe that there are whole galaxies in the universe composed of antimatter. In the U.S., physicists at Long Island's Brookhaven National Laboratory are planning an even more awesome atom smasher. Employing the colliding-beam technique, they hope to achieve energies equivalent to 100,000 billion electron volts. Such fantastic power could finally bring experimenters to

that wonderland of high-energy physics that Brookhaven's S.J. Lindenbaum calls "asymptopia":\* the far-out region on the energy scale where all the complex events inside the atom—and hence the very nature of matter—comes within reach of man's understanding.

## Beating the Quarantine

In cattle breeding, the name of the game is to improve the strain. Thus ranchers think nothing of importing desirable cattle from halfway round the world to crossbreed with their own herds. In New Zealand, however, cattlemen recently ran afoul of the country's strict animal quarantine laws in trying to obtain prized French breeding animals. Now, using sophisticated biological manipulation, they have overcome the problem.

New Zealand dairymen have long wanted to import Limousin and Simmental cattle from France. But officials, fearing that hoof and mouth disease (which is indigenous to France) might be imported along with the beasts, have steadfastly refused to allow the entry of any French cattle. There are no such restrictions, however, on English cattle.

For experts of Genetics International Ltd., a New Zealand stock-breeding company, there was an obvious, if devious, solution. The breeders shipped French cows to Britain, where they were artificially inseminated. Their fertilized ova were removed and transplanted into the wombs of local Jersey and Friesian heifers. Then the surrogate British mothers were shipped to New Zealand, where officials passed them without the slightest beef.

The embryos should develop normally in the British heifers and be born with all the genetic qualities of their French antecedents. Those qualities can then be passed on to the New Zealand herds after the imported infants grow old enough to breed.

\* Derived from the mathematical concept of an asymptotic formula which, simply stated, is an approximation that becomes increasingly more accurate as one of the variables becomes larger and larger.

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## Moonstruck Scientists

The staff at Sandia Laboratories in Albuquerque comprises solid, pragmatic scientists and engineers whose work consists largely of developing military and peaceful nuclear devices for the Atomic Energy Commission. That makes even more surprising the contents of a newly released Sandia publication with a formidable title: "Intriguing Accident Patterns Plotted Against a Background of Natural Environment Features." Compiled by a group of Sandia scientists, the 44-page report cautiously suggests what astrologers, mystics and charlatans have long been claiming: accident rates—and presumably other manifestations of human behavior—are influenced by phases of the moon, solar cycles and other natural phenomena.

**Sunset Peak.** Sandia scientists arrived at their remarkable findings by assembling the records of thousands of accidents in the laboratories for periods of up to 20 years and analyzing them with the aid of a computer. Plotting disabling injuries against the phases of the moon in which they occurred, for example, the researchers found "the possibility of a heightened accident susceptibility for people during the phase similar to that in which they were born, and for the lunar phase which is 180° away from that in which they were born." Equally significant, these accidents tended to peak in cycles of the new moon in apogee, the point at which the moon is farthest from the earth.

Turning their attention to the sun, the scientists plotted injuries against a

phenomenon associated with the sun's rotation: the 27-day cycle of disturbances in the earth's magnetic field. Again a pattern emerged, with more accidents occurring during the first seven days, the 13th and 14th and the 20th and 25th days of each cycle. Furthermore, there was a noticeable correlation between accidents and sunspot activity, which peaks on an average of every 11 years. In 1968 and 1969, for example, when the number of sunspots reached their peak in recent years, the accident rate at Sandia was the highest in the past two decades.

Additional evidence came from a study of magnetic-field readings in the Albuquerque area: the variations in magnetic-field strength seemed to correspond closely to increases and declines in the accident rate. The investigation also included an analysis of barometric pressure, which other scientists have found to influence human behavior. The Sandia team discovered that most accidents seemed to occur when the barometer was either rising or falling sharply.

Admitting that their findings were preliminary and somewhat skimpy evidence, the researchers cautiously suggested that "natural environment influences in conjunction and interacting with and on the individual create errors, misjudgments, pressures and situations leading to accidents."

The Sandia findings may well inject new vitality into the old theory of biorhythm, which flatly contends that the times at which physical process, sensuality and bruinness reach maximums and minimums can be pinpointed throughout life. Although there

has been no rational explanation so far for the claims of biorhythmicists, variations of the concept have been put to practical use in at least two countries. The Swiss have devised a pocket calculator\* that when individually set will show the owner's "off" days—when he is accident prone, forgetful or in low spirits.

In Japan, the Ohmi Railway Co. has stored in a computer the biorhythms of each of its 500 bus drivers. At the beginning of each shift, drivers scheduled to have "bad" days are given a card reminding them to be extra careful. In their first biorhythmic year, 1969, Ohmi's drivers achieved a 50% drop in accidents, a downward trend that continued last year.

## Pigskin Sex

One of the gravest crises to occur recently in many U.S. households happened on Christmas Day, when the 82-minute and 40-second televised struggle between the Kansas City Chiefs and the Miami Dolphins, the longest in professional football history (see *SPORT*), left many a turkey dinner in limbo—and many more of the nation's "football widows" in a state of frustrated anger. Now, if the housewives buy the theory of a Brooklyn psychoanalyst, they have even more to grumble about.

"It's no longer just for entertainment that men watch eight hours of football a day," says Psychoanalyst Morton Golden. The other motivation? Sex. Men use the games, says Golden, "as a fantasy to relieve the youthful sexual aggressiveness that may have ebbed with age and boredom." Psychoanalysts, of course, see sex or aggression in almost any human activity, and laymen may well be skeptical of the diagnosis. But Golden insists in all seriousness that football has become a male substitute for sex, similar to the role of the soap opera for women.

The football-viewing syndrome is even harder on women because they generally cannot identify with the sport their husbands follow so passionately. "Biological and cultural conditioning of females fuses sexuality with tenderness and affection," explains Golden. Women, therefore, "view football as a display of man's brutal aggressiveness, since it is a game that stresses physical strength and masculine dominance." As a result, says Golden, football widows often end up feeling weak and inadequate.

Golden's advice to long-suffering wives is patience. "Let your husband have his fling," he says. "Tolerate his withdrawal." After the football season is over, Golden reasons, the avid male viewer will return to his family—provided he is not a fanatic for basketball or hockey.



18TH CENTURY ETCHING—MAIDENS DRIVEN MAD BY RAYS OF MOONLIGHT  
For astrologers, mystics and charlatans, new support.

\* Based on scientifically unproven 21-, 28- and 33-day biological cycles.



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FTC Report Aug. 71.

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## CINEMA



BOND BESET IN "DIAMONDS"

### Looney Tune

**DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER**

Directed by GUY HAMILTON

Screenplay by RICHARD MAIBAUM and TOM MANKIEWICZ

This, the seventh movie in the James Bond canon (the heretical *Casino Royale*, which postulated a horde of 007s instead of one, doesn't count), is in some ways the best of the lot. It is by all odds the broadest—which is to say wackiest, not sexiest. Indeed, the ladies of sinister sexuality (Jill St. John, Lana Wood) look like randy and overweight cheerleaders beside the likes of Domino and Pussy Galore. They furnish 007 with a few pleasant pit stops, but the real adventure lies elsewhere.

Bond is on the trail of that arch-meatie, Ernst Stavros Blofeld (Charles Gray), and a ring of high-placed diamond smugglers who operate in Las Vegas. Somehow mixed up in all this are an eccentric millionaire recluse (hello there, Howard Hughes), a wizened stand-up comic, a crooked mortician, a couple of campy killers named Wint and Kidd, and two bikini-clad bodyguards who call themselves Bambi and Thumper. They strike a gymnastic blow for Women's Lib by effortlessly bouncing Bond, the sexist pig, off the four walls of a luxurious desert hideaway.

With its laser machines, fights to the death and exotic homicides, *Diamonds Are Forever* is like a Looney Tune. A chaotic car chase through the streets of downtown Las Vegas is the funniest scene of its kind since

Roadrunner last boinked the coyote.

Bond seems to grow more resilient with age. Since 1962 and his first screen incarnation in *Dr. No*, several wars, untold natural disasters and the Beatles have all come and gone. Bond looks better than ever, partly because Sean Connery has returned to play him. During Connery's one-picture absence, some fellow named Lazenby filled the role—the way concrete fills a hole. Connery, a fine, forceful actor with an undeniable presence, turns his well-publicized contempt for the Bond character into some wry moments of self-parody. He is capable of doing better things (*The Molly Maguires*, *Marnie*), but whether he likes it or not, he is the perfect, the only James Bond.

■ Joy Cocks

### Pas de Deux

**MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS**

Directed by CHARLES JARROTT

Screenplay by JOHN HALE

Two fine actresses, Vanessa Redgrave and Glenda Jackson, give some force and substance to this otherwise dreary history. The script seems to be made up of captions from some educational coloring book, and the story itself has become hackneyed through innumerable incarnations as a play, a previous film, even a television spectacular. Save for the two ladies, there is little apparent justification for making this version, and even less for seeing it.

Miss Redgrave's Mary is regal, nervous, passionate, uncertain—a delicate creature in life who becomes indomitable only in death. Miss Jackson's Elizabeth is cunning, complex, intriguing—a monarch whose desire for power is both a motivating force and a tragic flaw.

Otherwise, various men of the court make violent mischief amongst each other on staircases and battlements. Nigel Davenport is a steady Bothwell to Miss Redgrave, and Trevor How-

**JACKSON AS ELIZABETH**



ard, as William Cecil, is always fun to watch, even though not at his best. The rest of the cast appear to have been plucked from the back room of Madame Tussaud's.

■ J.C.

### D.O.A.

**THE HOSPITAL**

Directed by ARTHUR HILLER

Screenplay by PADDY CHAYEFSKY

**SUCH GOOD FRIENDS**

Directed by OTTO PREMINGER

Screenplay by ESTHER DALE

Doctors are butchers. Hospitals are abattoirs. Patients are lucky to get away with their lives, never mind their good health. These are more or less the notions behind these two films, both of which purport to be comedies. The medical profession is eminently ripe for a good dissection, but the satire is laid on here with all the clumsiness of an intern at his first operation.

*The Hospital* shares little but garbulousness with the kind of Bronx homespun that made Screenwriter Chayefsky's reputation (*Marty*, *The Bachelor Party*). It has more in common with the dyspeptic humor of Chayefsky's *The Americanization of Emily*, a clubfooted send-up of war heroes. It even has the same director, Arthur Hiller, who last holiday season took the medical profession rather more seriously in *Love Story*.

When the situations are easy, the laughs are there, all right: patients expiring in the emergency room while a

**REDGRAVE AS MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS**





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The roadworthiness, of course, is superb. The mere size and weight of the car is one reason; it has a 127-inch wheelbase, weighs over 4400 pounds. Oldsmobile attention to detail is another: Supershocks help absorb bumps; a refined steering geometry helps reduce sway; a front-seat cushioned with six inches of solid foam permits hours of riding with exceptional comfort.

Standard equipment on the Ninety-Eight reads like a list of extra-cost items on many other cars. Turbo Hydra-matic transmission. Power steering. Power

front disc brakes. Power ventilation. A responsive 455-cubic-inch Rocket V-8 engine that runs efficiently on regular, no-lead or low-lead gasolines.

And while you may not see side-guard door beams, the dual-master-cylinder-brake system, or the cargo-guard that separates trunk and passengers, you can be sure that there and all the other GM safety features are standard, too.

The Olds Ninety-Eight. From new front bumper to roomy trunk, it's exceptional.

It's what every beautiful luxury car has always tried to be.

**OLDSMOBILE NINETY-EIGHT. QUITE A SUBSTANTIAL CAR.**

hospital official tries to determine their Blue Cross number, some nut wandering the hospital corridors knocking off staff and patients.

It is when things wax serious, as they often do, that Chayefsky and Hiller choke on their own message: moral responsibility is needed not only to guide lives but to save them as well. Anyway, George C. Scott is on hand to make things bearable, and sometimes more than that. He is such a consummate actor that he can even handle Chayefsky's dialogue, which rightfully should be engraved for posterity on a plaque made of chicken fat.

Such *Good Friends* has something to do with the racy Lois Gould best-seller about a woman (Dyan Cannon) whose husband (Laurence Luckinbill) enters the hospital for a routine operation and rapidly develops severe complications. Hunting around in the desk drawer for the medical insurance, the wife discovers a little black book in which Hubby has recorded his numerous infidelities.

She confronts his paramours, who happen to be some of her best friends. She then determines to be wild and wanton enough with Hubby's friends to match his score. He meanwhile is being ministered to by a battalion of quacks and incompetents, and is fading faster with every hour.

The whole notion is so outrageously melodramatic that Preminger was probably right in choosing to play it for comedy. He even got Elaine May to rewrite the script. Miss May, however, shrewdly chose not to have her name appear on the screen credits. The large and generally unsuitable cast includes James Coco, who acts with grotesque abandon, Ken Howard, Jennifer O'Neill and Nina Foch.

On second thought, *Such Good Friends* might have worked better the other way. Preminger is usually funnier—remember *Hurry, Sundown?*—when he's trying to be serious. ■ J.C.

tempted to conclude that everyone whose ancestors were born between Sicily and Milan is a feeble-minded racketeer.

The actors, who were apparently given their heads, perform in an assortment of styles that range from self-parody to self-abuse. Jerry Orbach makes the most soporific leading man since Sonny Tufts, and the grandiose incompetence of Jo Van Fleet as the foul-mouthed Big Momma would be hard to equal. However, Robert De Niro, as a kleptomaniacal bicycle racer, and Leigh Taylor-Young as his perennially startled paramour, somehow manage to bring a small degree of charm and reality to the lamentable goings on. ■ J.C.

## Landscapes of the Mind

### MACBETH

Directed by ROMAN POLANSKI

Screenplay by ROMAN POLANSKI and KENNETH TYNAN

No sound, no fury. Instead, a palpable sense of clammy despair and an eerie surrealism. The milieu is torn from Polanski's imagination and flung into some medieval limbo. The visual images are often gripping, but the poetry of the play—as well as its force—is missing.

Shakespeare's Thane is a man possessed by his own craving for power. He is destroyed by the evil within himself, not, as Polanski would have it, by witchy auguries of doom. Polanski is most at home dealing with black magic, and Macbeth's second meeting with the witches ("Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble . . .") is expanded into a veritable convention, with dozens of naked, withered old crones cackling

and drooling all over themselves. It looks like a remnant of *Rosemary's Baby*. Polanski's affection for the supernatural is so unrestrained that many of the movie's straight scenes have an almost cursory air. The language is flattened into conversation, and some of the best lines are simply tossed away. This may make *Macbeth* a bit more contemporary, but it also makes it ordinary.

Polanski takes occasional excursions into outright fantasy, as when Macbeth has a feverish dream following his second meeting with the witches. But the scene is visually uninspired and mechanically clumsy. Faces and images swirl up out of the hags' cauldron, spin about, dissolve, disappear, as if in some hybrid of hallucinogenic nightmare and the kind of antique special effects that looked awkward over 25 years ago in Hitchcock's *Spellbound*.

Francesca Annis makes an interestingly brittle Lady Macbeth, but Jon Finch's Macbeth seems to be consumed by tuberculosis. In the climactic battle with Duncan, Finch looks as if he was having some trouble hefting his broadsword. But the supporting cast (Martin Shaw, Terence Bayler, John Stride) is fiery, and Polanski manages most of the violent confrontations with brio.

The Tynan-Polanski adaptation contains some arresting notions. Ross becomes the third murderer of Banquo, and Donalbain (whom Shakespeare banished to Ireland early in the action) here reappears at the end of the play, riding across the grim countryside to seek counsel from the three witches. This ominous epilogue neatly evokes the idea of a cyclical, irresistible destiny. ■ J.C.

AUGURIES ON THE BEACH: WITCHES IN OPENING SCENE OF POLANSKI'S "MACBETH"

## Ciao

THE GANG THAT COULDN'T SHOOT STRAIGHT

Directed by JAMES GOLDSTONE

Screenplay by WALDO SALT

You don't have to be Italian to hate *The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight*, although that gives you a distinct edge. The movie's febrile witlessness easily transcends all ethnic boundaries and comes guaranteed to outrage virtually everybody.

Italians, however, might—perhaps ought—to take special offense. Jimmy Breslin's comic novel recorded the exploits of a sad-sack mob of Brooklyn hoods with good-humored scorn. Waldo Salt's chaotic script turns Breslin's characters, which were already caricatures, into vicious racial stereotypes. Everyone is either venal, murderous, retarded or deformed; and since they are almost all Italians, one might be



## The Biggest Kick

As seen on the home screen by an estimated 45 million viewers, the National Football League play-offs were more like playlets. Each of the four games had its own distinct plot, each its own cast of likely and unlikely heroes.

On the first day of Christmas the Minnesota Vikings gave the Dallas Cowboys four intercepted passes, three costly turnovers, two bonus field goals and a fumble in a careless spree. During the regular season, the Vikings boasted the stingiest defense in the league (average points allowed per game: ten), but they were not able to contain the Cowboys' explosive offense. Calling a near perfect game, Dallas Quarterback Roger Staubach mixed his pinpoint passes (ten completions in 14 attempts) with the slashing running of Duane Thomas to lead the Cowboys to a 20-12 victory.

Later that afternoon—and well into the evening—the Miami Dolphins and the Kansas City Chiefs staged their own version of *The Longest Day*. Led by Quarterback Bob Griese and Wide Receiver Paul Warfield, the Dolphins came from behind to tie the game 24-24 and send it into a sudden-death overtime. Sudden it was not, however, as the two teams battled on and on and on in the longest game in U.S. pro football history. Finally, after 82 min. 40 sec., Miami won the marathon 27-24 with a sixth-period field goal.

Next day the Baltimore Colts stam-

ped over the hapless Cleveland Browns. Led by End Bubba Smith, the Colt defense blocked two field-goal attempts, intercepted three passes and smeared Brown Quarterback Bill Nelsen four times. The big difference, though, was Colt Running Back Don Nottingham, a squat (5 ft. 10 in., 210 lb.) rookie from Kent State who was the 441st of the 442 players picked in last year's pro football draft. Called in to replace injured Norm Bulaich, "Bowling Ball" Nottingham rolled for 92 yds. and two touchdowns as the Colts outlasted the Browns 20-3.

**Losing Gamble.** Shortly thereafter, the San Francisco 49ers met the Washington Redskins, the team of resuscitated old pros that Coach George Allen had drilled in the fundamentals of conservative football. Surprising everyone, Allen gambled on a fourth-down-and-inches situation in the third quarter. Leading 10-3, the Redskins went for a first down rather than for a seemingly surefire field goal. The play backed into a 2-yd. loss. From then on it was all downhill for Allen's Over-the-Hill Gang as 49er Quarterback John Brodie connected on two quick scoring passes. Adding another touchdown on a fourth-quarter fumble recovery in the end zone, the 49ers outlasted the Redskins 24-20.

When the clash of the muscular giants was over, the biggest star of the weekend was the littlest player, 5 ft. 7 in., 160 lb. Garo Yepremian of the Miami Dolphins. More unlikely still, he is a left-footed, soccer-style placekicker from Cyprus who never



YEPREMIAN KICKING WINNING GOAL

*The biggest was littlest.*

even saw a pro football game until he was 22. Now 27, Yepremian felt more than the usual sense of rivalry going into the Kansas City game. Though he led the league in scoring with 117 points, he was bypassed for the A.F.C.'s all-pro team in favor of Kansas City Kicker Jan Stenerud, a former ski-jumping champion from Fettsund, Norway. Eager to show up his rival, the halving Yepremian got his chance after the hard-charging Dolphins blocked a 42-yd. Stenerud attempt in the overtime period. Then, when Dolphin Running Back Larry Csonka rambled around right end for 29 yds., it was Garo's turn to try from 37 yds. out. Realizing that "this one kick could make or break me," he caught the ball squarely on the instep of his size 7 soccer shoe and lofted it through the uprights. Next day, as 25,000 Miami fans turned out to cheer the return of the Dolphins, one expectant mother announced that she was calling her unborn child Garo. Why? "Because it kicks so hard."

This week's matchups—Miami v. Baltimore, San Francisco v. Dallas—will determine who will go to the Super Bowl in New Orleans on Jan. 16 to play for the biggest kick of all—the \$15,000 that will go to each member of the winning team.

## The Lakers Roll On

"Our players seem to be able to do whatever is necessary," says Los Angeles Laker Coach Bill Sharman. Those words may well qualify as the classic understatement of the 1971 sports season.

Not content merely to set a new National Basketball Association record

BALTIMORE'S NOTTINGHAM BOWLING OVER CLEVELAND'S DEFENSE



# Smoking.

## What are you going to do about it?

Many people are against cigarettes. You've heard their arguments. And even though we're in the business of selling cigarettes, we're not going to advance arguments in favor of smoking.

We simply want to discuss one irrefutable fact.

A lot of people are still smoking cigarettes. In all likelihood, they'll continue to smoke cigarettes and nothing anybody has said or is likely to say is going to change their minds.

Now, if you're one of these cigarette smokers, what are you going to do about it? You may continue to smoke your present brand. With all the enjoyment and pleasure you get from smoking it. Or, if 'tar' and nicotine has become a concern to you, you may consider changing to a cigarette like Vantage.

(Of course, there is no other cigarette quite like Vantage.)

Vantage has a unique filter that allows rich flavor to come through it and yet substantially cuts down on 'tar' and nicotine.

We want to be frank. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy. But it well may be the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you will enjoy smoking. It has only 12 milligrams 'tar' and 0.8 milligrams nicotine. The simple truth is that smoke has to come through a filter if taste is to come through a filter. And where there is taste, there has to be some 'tar.'

But Vantage is not a 'hernia' cigarette. You don't have to work so hard pulling the taste through it that all the joy of smoking is lost. And it is the only cigarette that gives you so much taste with so little 'tar' and nicotine.

We suggest you try a pack.



12 mg.  
tar  
0.8 mg.  
nicotine  
FILTER AND MENTHOL



## SPORT

with 21 consecutive wins (TIME, Dec. 27), the Lakers have since done dramatically more than is necessary. When the Philadelphia 76ers threatened them with a 132-point outburst, the Lakers countered with 154, setting a new N.B.A. high for the season. Then they outscored the Baltimore Bullets 34 to 18 in one quarter, to win their 27th game in a row, breaking a U.S. major-league sports mark set by baseball's New York Giants in 1916. Last week the Lakers won three more games, to run their unbeaten streak to 30.

What is the Lakers' secret? Guard Jerry West says that it is not the \$5 bonus that Sharman doles out for each blocked shot or ball-stealing play. "I don't know what it is, really," confesses West, whose Laker salary is a reported \$200,000 a year. "But whatever it is, we like it." Sharman knows exactly what it is, and he has printed the answer on the dressing room blackboard in large letters: RUN. The fast-breaking Lakers have



**SHARMAN SHOUTING ADVICE**  
The answer is RUN.

read the word and reacted by out-hustling all comers.

With half the season still to go, Sharman has no doubt that the going will get tougher. Noting that the 1916 Giants set their record while playing at home, he explains that "it's harder to sustain a winning streak in basketball. We have tougher travel conditions and have to fight the other teams' home court advantage, which doesn't mean as much in baseball." That argument does not impress Laker Center Wilt Chamberlain, who remembers his days with the Harlem Globetrotters' traveling basketball show. "I played with them when they won all their games," he says, "and they were all on the road."

## THE LAW

### Miranda Extended

When it comes to breaking new legal ground, the California Supreme Court is frequently a spade-follower ahead of all others, including the U.S. Supreme Court. California's ruling last August that local property taxes are an unfair method of financing public schools (*Serrano v. Priest*) has already been echoed by courts in Minnesota and Texas. Last week, in a 6-1 decision, the California court once again established an important precedent by extending the *Miranda* rule, which bars the use of confessions made by suspects who have been denied access to legal counsel. Police, said the court, must also stop questioning a minor once the youth asks to consult with a parent.

On Dec. 19, 1968, police found the bodies of an elderly couple, Joseph and Isabelle Diosdado, in the back room of their feed store in Compton, Calif. Each had been shot twice, and the cash register was empty. Eight weeks later, following up an informant's tip, police officers arrested Bozzie Bryant Burton III, then 16. Young Burton asked to talk to his father, an auto-plant inspector who was already at the station in search of his son, but the police refused. They did advise him, however, of his right to remain silent and to consult an attorney. In the course of the interrogation the boy admitted that he had killed the Diosdados. He was subsequently convicted and sentenced to a life term in prison.

**Call for Help.** In overturning the conviction, the state court ruled that denial of the youth's request to see his father constituted a violation of his Fifth Amendment right to avoid incriminating himself. Writing for the court, Justice Raymond Sullivan said that it would be "fatuous" to expect an arrested minor to call an attorney. "It is unrealistic," he added, "to attribute no significance to his call for help from the only person to whom he normally looks—a parent or guardian."

The California decision, which reinforces the rights of suspected criminals, comes just when many observers have been predicting a legal shift in exactly the opposite direction. President Nixon's four appointees to the Supreme Court are all expected to lean toward a tightening of criminal-law procedures. But the Los Angeles County district attorney's office does not plan to seek review of the case by the "Nixon Court." It promises to try Bozzie Bryant Burton III for murder again—without using his confession. And it is confident of a conviction. Which suggests that the California Supreme Court is not coddling criminals, but is simply requiring proper practices by the police.



CLIFF JONES (RIGHT) & ATTORNEY

### Delaying the Game

"Justice delayed is justice denied," runs an old legal maxim. Former Nevada Judge Clifford Jones, 59, might be inclined to disagree. For him, it seems that the slower the law moves, the better. Having long since stepped down from the bench to serve a couple of terms as Nevada's Lieutenant Governor, "Big Juice," as he is known, now operates as a big-time gambler. This week, heating all the odds, he will celebrate the sixth anniversary of his indictment for perjury in the Bobby Baker payoff case. Baker, who was indicted along with Jones on Jan. 5, 1966, has been tried, convicted, jailed and recently denied a parole. Big Juice has so far avoided going to trial at all. No court date is even in sight.

According to the indictment, Big Juice Jones sent a Washington lobbyist named Wayne L. Bromley ten \$1,000 checks during 1963 and 1964 to pay for Bromley for representing a Las Vegas savings and loan association. Bromley performed that service by passing the money under the table to Baker, the Senate's Democratic majority secretary. Bromley later turned informer for the Government, and agents sent him to meet Jones with a small radio transmitter strapped to his body. After listening to tapes of their conversation, a Washington grand jury concluded that "Jones was trying to teach Bromley his perjured story." When Jones denied knowledge of the Baker payoff, he was indicted for perjury.

Luckily for Jones, as he now acknowledges, "I had good friends in Washington who are lawyers." The firm of Welch & Morgan began a systematic series of motions. Requests

were made for a transcript of the grand jury testimony, for a quashing of the indictment, for the suppression of evidence obtained by electronic eavesdropping, and for a bill of particulars from the Justice Department. As each motion was denied, Jones' lawyers appealed to higher courts. The question of admitting the portable radio evidence took four years to reach the U.S. Supreme Court, which let stand a decision allowing its use.

The most frequent defense tactic has been a motion to move the hypothetical trial from Washington to Las Vegas. Seven such requests, each based on a different argument, have been considered and rejected by federal courts. Jones' chief attorney, Charles McNelis, filed an eighth request for change of venue June 28, but Federal Judge Joseph C. Waddy has not yet found time to rule on it. When Waddy decides, McNelis will be ready with more motions. Says he: "There are some other procedural matters that haven't been disposed of."

The lengthening roster of delays may already have cost Jones an estimated \$150,000, and as he himself says, "If I'd been a poor man, or even an average guy, I wouldn't have been able to afford it."

**Don't Wait.** One reason he can afford it is that despite the indictment, Jones' worldwide gambling ventures are apparently thriving. "I'm just now getting some deals going," he says. He returned to the U.S. two weeks ago from an inspection visit to his overseas casinos, including one in Yugoslavia. He also continues to protest his innocence: "All my misfortunes seem to come from trying to do somebody a favor."

Then why not go to trial and get his name cleared? "It's like a baseball game," Jones says. "You don't wait until the batter is running home before you put him out. You start at first base. If you miss him there, you try for second base, then third."

## Speak, Voiceprint

It was just after midnight on May 22, 1970, when St. Paul police headquarters got an anonymous call asking help for a woman about to give birth. Two policemen sped to the scene but found only a darkened house. While one policeman went round to a back door, a sniper suddenly opened fire from across the street. The second policeman fell mortally wounded.

It seemed a random attack on "police in general," and the only clue was the telephone call, which had been routinely taped. To find a matching voice, police interrogated 13 women in the neighborhood. At each interview they made "voiceprints"—electronic "pictures" of the individual's voice. Because her voiceprint matched the taped call, Caroline Trimble, 18, was arrested and later indicted for first-degree murder.

Conceived in 1941 as a way for the deaf to "read" speech, the voiceprint machine analyzes patterns of frequency and amplitude, transcribing each variation into a spectrogram. One of the chief developers, Physicist Lawrence Kersta, claims that everyone's voiceprint is as unique as his fingerprints, and that any skilled technician can identify a voiceprint with more than 99% accuracy. Other scientists have disputed his claims.

Two earlier cases involving voiceprints came before courts in New Jersey (1967) and California (1968), and both times the appeals courts rejected the device as unreliable. Among the experts who opposed voiceprints at the time was Oscar Tosi, a professor of audiology at Michigan State; since then, however, Tosi has compared some 34,000 voiceprints under a \$300,000 grant from the Justice Department, and the evidence has convinced him. In the case of Caroline Trimble, he testified in favor of voiceprint evidence, and Minnesota Supreme Court Chief Justice Oscar Knutson agreed with him.

Knutson observed that courts permit witnesses to identify voices on the basis of what they heard with their own ears, even via telephone. "We are convinced," the court ruled, "that spectrograms ought to be admissible at least for the purpose of corroborating opinions as to identification by means of ear alone."

## Wayward Winners

In 1923, in an outburst of moral fervor, the New York state legislature decided that incarceration was the proper treatment for any youth between 16 and 21 who "is willfully disobedient or deserts his home, and is morally depraved or in danger of becoming morally depraved." That Wayward Minor statute—paralleled by similar laws in most other states—allowed thousands of youngsters who had never committed any crime to be imprisoned along with hardened criminals.

Three typical cases:

Esther Gesicki, now 20, had been placed in a foster home after her mother entered a state mental institution. When her mother was released, Esther wanted to rejoin her, but a social worker forbade it. Esther ran away and was later locked up.

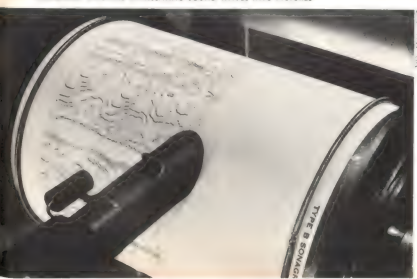
Marion Johnson, 20, who had lived in foster homes since the age of 5, bore an illegitimate child at 17. A social worker tried to persuade her to give up the child, but she refused and was adjudged "wayward."

Dominica Morelli, 17, had been sexually assaulted by one of her alcoholic mother's four husbands. Moved to a foster home, she ran away and returned to her mother. Placed under a curfew, she made a trip without her mother's permission and was promptly charged with violating probation.

The N.Y. Civil Liberties Union and Law Professor Herman Schwartz of Buffalo learned of the girls' plight and decided to challenge the law. Circuit Court Judge Irving R. Kaufman endorsed that challenge. "The law permitted punishment as if they were criminals," said Kaufman. "But they are punishing a condition, not a crime. How are you going to define moral depravity?" Setting aside the girls' convictions, the three-man federal court denounced the Wayward Minor statute as "unconstitutionally vague."

Even before the Kaufman decision, the statute had fallen into such disrepute that it had recently been allowed to expire—though not in the case of anyone already convicted. As of last week, 236 youths were under sentence as wayward, and 221 of them, including the three girls, were out on parole or probation. They will now all go free, unless the state appeals. Says Judge Kaufman: "The state will simply have to find different ways to treat these youths. Foster homes, halfway houses—but not penal institutions."

VOICEPRINT MACHINE TRANSLATING SOUND WAVES INTO PICTURES



## The Prescriptions of Chairman Mao

Peking has banned the publication of medical journals since 1968, and if the authorities compile comprehensive statistics, they are unknown in the West. But when a handful of American physicians and scientists followed the table tennis players last year, expert outsiders got a good look at how Maoist medicine is being practiced today. TIME interviewed four of the doctors: Paul Dudley White, the Boston cardiologist; Samuel Rosen, a Manhattan ear specialist; E. Grey Dimond, provost for the health sciences at the University of Missouri's new Kansas City School of Medicine; and Victor Sidel, head of the department of social medicine at Montefiore Hospital in New York. Their stays ranged from two weeks to a month, the most recent in September. On balance, all four were favorably impressed with what they saw in the cities and the countryside. Their appraisal:

tween their regular jobs and medical duties. Based in commune dispensaries or urban "lane clinics," the paramedics get little formal training; they learn by watching and listening to physicians.

The barefoot doctor's basic assignment is to know his co-workers and neighbors intimately, keep immunization records on each individual assigned to him, keep track of the contraception methods used by each woman in his jurisdiction, and arrange for consultation with a real doctor when necessary. The government has been heavily promoting birth control and immunization against contagious diseases; the barefoot doctor is the grass-roots salesman of these programs.

**Conquering VD.** Hygiene is another of his specialties. From the beginning, the prescriptions of Chairman Mao have emphasized cleanliness. Repeated campaigns against disease-carrying insects seem to have succeeded. Schistosomiasis, one of the world's most debilitating diseases, produced by tiny blood flukes, has been checked, says Rosen, by communal efforts to stamp out snails that carry the parasites. White believes that typhoid, malaria and cholera—among Asia's ancient enemies—are now well under control. Venereal disease is virtually extinct. The victory over VD probably results as much from the repression of prostitution and promiscuity as from public health measures.

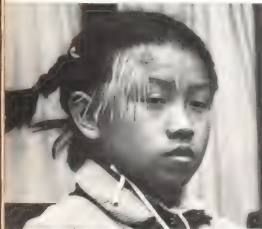
Discipline and political theory, in fact, are large elements in Peking's medical policies. Dispersing health care throughout the country took on new momentum when the Cultural Revolution began in 1966. With a determination possible only in a dictatorship, the government ordered one-third of the country's medical personnel into rural areas, where perhaps 85% of the population lives.

Soldiers, peasants or workers who wish to become trained physicians must have the approval of their fellows and the party leadership of the farm or factory. A newly graduated doctor is obliged to return to serve the community that sponsored him. He may also be assigned to a mobile health team that provides care for the most remote villages. Says Rosen: "China is one vast study in the delivery of health care."

That delivery is organized in a pyramid system, starting at the bottom with the local health stations manned largely by the paramedics. A work brigade of perhaps 2,500 people, the basic unit in a rural commune, is served by a staff of one physician and a few barefoot doctors and midwives, supplemented by mobile health units. Next comes a district hospital that takes care of more serious cases for a larger territory. It is staffed by several physicians



**BAREFOOT DOCTORS IN COUNTRY**



**CHILD UNDERGOING ACUPUNCTURE**



**PARAMEDIC INSTRUCTING PEASANTS**

The Communist regime made an early policy decision to marshal all medical manpower for two basic missions: to make some sort of care available to the entire population and to drill the people into becoming active participants in public health campaigns. This approach consciously downgraded advanced research in pure science and exotic new techniques such as heart transplants. Clinical treatment and preventive measures monopolize Chinese medicine.

**Barefoot Doctors.** Training has been reorganized to meet these goals. The classical six-year curriculum has been cut in half. Each of the three years is punctuated by periods of military training, manual labor and political indoctrination. Before graduation, the students also get a good deal of on-the-job experience, and training includes Western medicine and the traditional Chinese arts of acupuncture and herb treatment. As a result, China is turning out far more doctors than in the past. Overall figures are not available, but there are some indicators. In the four decades prior to the Communist takeover, Sidel reports, First Peking Medical College had just over a thousand graduates. Since 1949, there have been more than 10,000. Despite the speedup, Sidel says, "the Chinese are the first to admit that they are still limited in manpower and resources."

They partly offset the shortage with the use of paramedics, who are called "barefoot doctors" in rural areas and "Red Guard doctors" in the cities. They are peasants, housewives and factory workers who divide their time be-

## Week's Watch

and trained nurses in addition to paramedics and is equipped with laboratory and X-ray facilities. On top of the pyramid is the major urban hospital. Only at this type of institution are there specialists prepared to do intricate open-heart surgery and other sophisticated procedures. All four American observers believe that the Chinese do them well. Dimond reports that the urban hospitals are clean and well equipped, even by Western standards.

Political indoctrination pervades all levels of care. The head of a hospital is a political education officer who is also chairman of the institution's revolutionary committee. Prior to undergoing operations, patients frequently meet with members of the surgical team to reaffirm to one another how good health benefits the People's Republic. Some patients go under anaesthetic clutching copies of Mao's *Quotations*.

If the political dues are high, the financial costs to the patient appear to be low. The visitors were told that the average Chinese worker, who earns \$30 a month, pays the equivalent of 9¢ a month for each member of his family. This provides all medical care free for himself and at half price for his family. However, treatment for family members in serious cases appears to be more expensive; the Americans heard that some families had a choice between drawing on personal savings or getting assistance from communal relief funds. In a hospital, a patient pays only for his meals.

**No Psychiatry.** Patient care frequently combines the oldest and newest in Chinese medicine. The traditionalist practitioners are often asked to deal with ailments that appear to be psychosomatic (psychiatry as practiced in the West seems to have no counterpart in China today). Acupuncturists and Western-style physicians practice side by side, and there has been much experimentation with acupuncture as an anaesthetic. White recalls being asked whether Americans could help formulate a scientific explanation of acupuncture's pain-killing qualities.

"For their problems," says Dimond, "they have made superb solutions—understanding, of course, that they are willing to give up personal independence." China has not, to be sure, produced a medical utopia, and conditions may be different in parts of the country as yet unseen by Americans. But only 25 years ago the principal causes of death in China were malnutrition and infectious diseases—the marks of a poor and medically backward society. Adequate diet and vigorous public health measures have changed that. Respiratory ailments remain a major problem because the Chinese are heavy smokers; the authorities have done little to discourage the habit. As more and more Chinese survive into adulthood, many of them are dying of cancer and heart disease, the same illnesses that kill the majority of Americans.

Now that the holiday season is over, what should be done with old Christmas trees? Henry L. Diamond, New York State's commissioner of environmental conservation, last week warned that burning them causes air pollution and burying them whole wastes scarce landfill areas. As a better ecological idea, Diamond singled out the system used in Greenburgh, N.Y. The town is picking up the trees at curbside and running them through chipping machines, used the rest of the year to clean up after tree prunings on the town's property. The tiny chips can then be used as

ALBERT WARD



CHRISTMAS TREES BEING MINCED AT CURBSIDE IN GREENBURGH, N.Y.

After the holiday, the best thing to do.

a compact landfill or as a mulch to prevent the spread of weeds in gardens.

One of the great changes in the American consciousness, in Frederick Jackson Turner's 1893 thesis, came when the frontier closed. A shift of equal importance, believes Professor James J. Flink of the University of California at Irvine, involves the automobile. Said he at last week's meeting of the American Historical Association in Manhattan: "The era of uncritical mass accommodation to the motorcar has ended; for most Americans, automobile has become simply utilitarian and lost its quasi-religious connotations; most important, the automobile and the automobile industry no longer call the tune and set the tempo of American life." One major reason for this shift in attitudes, Flink thinks, is young Amer-

icans' sweeping indictment of the car for contributing to "environmental pollution, urban sprawl, the decay of the center city, the decimation of our remaining wilderness areas." He did not predict what will take the auto's place as a predominant American force.

Under the 1899 Rivers and Harbors Act, no industry or city can dump pollutants into navigable waterways unless it gets a "discharge permit" from the Federal Government. In late 1970 this old law became the keystone of President Nixon's program to clean up U.S. waterways. Last summer some 20,000 applications for per-

mits were sent to Washington for approval.

Last week a federal court in Washington threw the whole permit program into confusion by ruling that discharges into non-navigable waterways were also illegal. Furthermore, the court continued, in view of the 1969 Environmental Policy Act, the Federal Government could not issue a permit to any polluter without first studying the environmental impact of each decision.

If the ruling is upheld on appeal, the paperwork ahead presents a herculean task. Likely result: fast action by Congress on either Senator Edmund Muskie's or President Nixon's bill, both of which would aim at stopping pollution from cities and factories at its source (before it ever reaches any waterways) and give them a ten-to-15 year deadline to comply. Anyway, something must be done. The require-



## ENVIRONMENT

ment just set by the federal court has made the present laws virtually unworkable, since no federal agency can possibly provide a complete environmental report on the effects of discharges from every factory everywhere that asks for a permit.

### Saving the Slopes

Like California in the past, Colorado is being promoted as the new haven for Americans who, weary of the dreary densities of urban life, are eager for skiing, hiking and clean air. "Own a piece of Colorado!" cry the real estate men. The spiel works. Throughout the state, reports the Rocky Mountain Center on Environment, bulldozers are preparing at least 1,000,000 acres for subdivisions.

The result is the fast trading easy money of a land boom. Ranchers near Denver or Boulder can sell

that the state desperately needs at least minimal control over its land.

To many, it might seem a strange concern for a state whose vast prairies roll wide and empty to the horizon, whose lonely mountains range back toward the cloud-capped Continental Divide. But these spaces and slopes are more vulnerable than the site seeker might think. Take so-called "view locations"—sites high on the slopes of the Rockies, which real estate men have been selling off by thousands from Fort Collins to Colorado Springs. Unpolluted air. Privacy. Dazzling vistas. House tastefully set amidst thick stands of ponderosa or lodgepole pines. No insults to the visiting eye.

But there is an environmental catch. Because the slopes are steep, they hold little water, and homes seemingly far apart must compete for it in scarce underground pools. Neighbors also foul each other's water, since septic tanks do not work well in less

In 1970, Governor Love started to correct the blatant misuse of the land by appointing a seven-man land use commission. Nine months later, it brought forth a basic program and got it approved by the legislature. The Land Use Act seems bland enough. It merely requires each of the state's 63 counties to 1) set up its own planning group, which would be two-thirds funded by the state, and 2) write regulations, based on the commission's model rules, to control the creation of subdivisions.

Even so, land owns men's hearts and roils their blood. Cattleman and farmers, especially, feared that the state was going to grab power from local government by imposing statewide zoning restrictions. One sign in a rural county administrator's office typifies the most prevalent complaint: *THE HILL WITH HOW THEY DO IT IS DENVER. THIS IS SUMMIT!* Lobbyists swarmed to Denver to kill the program.

But the commission surprised them by inviting representatives from all concerned groups—friends and foes alike—to participate in some 30 special workshop sessions in communities across Colorado. At those meetings, the commissioners remained mostly silent. "We were learning," says Claude Peters, the commission's consultant planner. "We needed to be aware of the local problems." Adds Commission Chairman John Crowley: "We ran across old records that showed how much life a certain piece of land could support. Old ranchers with good memories fed us valuable information. All the pieces came together."

**Ultimate Tool.** By last month the commission had worked the pieces into an inventory of Colorado's resources (land, water, forests, minerals) and the threats to those resources. More important, the commission had also gained wide support in the counties for its policies and recommendations. And why not? The counties retain power over land use, provided they follow the state's guidelines.

A key recommendation, which Governor Love will urge upon the legislature next week, would compel developers to get an official certificate that sufficient water was available and that proper sewage-disposal facilities would be installed. "We've already got various tools—zoning and transportation—to stimulate the economy of Colorado's small towns and to prevent urban sprawl," Love says. "Water would be the ultimate tool."

Despite criticism from what Governor Love terms "a growing group of ecologists," the commission refuses to go faster or get tougher. "Decisions about public affairs," says Chairman Crowley, "should be made by elected representatives at the appropriate level." Such careful honoring of local government is precisely why Colorado has a good chance to protect its land and preserve its beauty.



HOUSING PROJECT UNDER CONSTRUCTION OUTSIDE EVERGREEN, COLO.  
A strange new concern for an almost empty state.

their holdings of sage and scrub for as much as \$3,000 an acre. Colorado is now one of the nation's fastest-growing states (seventh after Nevada, Florida, Arizona, Alaska, California and Maryland). But there is a mounting fear that the developers' busy bulldozers threaten the very qualities of their state that Coloradans cherish most. Worried, the Colorado Institute on Population Problems has taken to statewide TV to urge: "Think small."

Should Colorado try to halt its growth? No, thinks Republican Governor John Love. His feeling is that the state is not as prosperous as it could be and therefore must attract more industry. Since more industry necessarily means more people, the real problem is how to accommodate them. For this reason Love believes

than four feet of topsoil, and the slopes have much less. As a result, virtually raw sewage seeps downhill to contaminate wells, ponds or streams.

Nor do the problems end there. Developments on steep slopes often are served by a single access road that by itself alters the natural flow of moisture. Moreover, with only one road for access, any subdivision can become a dangerous firetrap. "Many developers seem not to realize that fire runs uphill faster than on the flat," says Oscar Schmunk, deputy forester. Even now, the slopes are occasionally marked by the lonely stone chimneys of burned-out homes. The fire fighters call them "tombstones." They predict that within five years, if the present rush to live on the slopes continues, Colorado will have disastrous slope fires like California's.



## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Seiji Ozawa, 36, conductor of the San Francisco Symphony and onetime protégé of Leonard Bernstein, and Vera Ozawa, an ex-model: their first child, a girl; in San Francisco.

**Married.** Pia Lindstrom, 33, WCBS-TV newswoman and daughter of Ingrid Bergman; and Joseph Daly, 32, New York real estate broker; she for the second time, he for the first; in Manhattan.

**Died.** Peter Duel, 31, co-star of ABC's popular cowboy comedy series *Alias Smith and Jones*; of a self-inflicted gunshot wound; in Hollywood. An alumnus of Manhattan's American Theater Wing, Duel went to Hollywood five years ago. There he was in demand on such network television shows as *Name of the Game*, *Combat*, *The Fugitive* and *The Bold Ones*. He starred opposite Judy Carne in the series *Love on a Rooftop* before taking the role of Hannibal Hayes (alias Joshua Smith), one of two not quite reformed desperadoes in search of vocational guidance.

**Died.** General Emmett ("Rosie") O'Donnell Jr., 65, a commander of U.S. bomber forces in the Pacific during World War II and the Korean conflict; of a heart attack; in McLean, Va. A Brooklyn boy whose pink cheeks earned him the nickname Rosie, O'Donnell was a light, fleet West Point halfback before obtaining his commission in 1928. He led B-17 Flying Fortress defending American positions in the Philippines early in World War II, later evacuated Allied troops from Burma and airlifted supplies "over the hump" of the Himalayas. After receiving his first general's star in 1944, O'Donnell led the first land-based B-29 raids on Japan—which six years later became his headquarters when he was chief of the Far East Air Forces Bomber Command, directing strikes against Communist targets in Korea. After serving for four years as commander in chief of the Pacific Air Forces, he retired in 1963.

**Died.** John Marshall Harlan, 72, retired Supreme Court Justice (see THE NATION).

**Died.** Max Steiner, 83, longtime movie-score composer; in Hollywood. A Viennese prodigy, Steiner began songwriting and conducting while still a teen-ager. He migrated to the U.S. in 1914, wrote music and did arrangements for George White and Florenz Ziegfeld, then went to Hollywood in 1930. Of his more than 200 scores, three won Oscars—for *The Informer* (1935), *Now Voyager* (1942) and *Since You Went Away* (1944).



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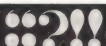
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## The Parasitic Profession

Virtually every night during New York City's nine-month music season, Winthrop Sargeant takes his aisle seat at the opera or a concert hall. On Saturday he writes the music column for *The New Yorker*—a column with considerable bite if he finds the performers indifferent, the conductor lackluster or the composers too avant-garde for his conservative taste.

Few critics ever earned their bite as honestly as Sargeant. A child prodigy, he conducted a symphony orchestra at age ten, later spent six years as a violinist and horn player with several orchestras under a succession of conductors: Walter Damrosch, Willem Mengelberg, Wilhelm Furtwängler, Arturo Toscanini, Otto Klemperer, Bruno Walter and Clemens Krauss. Sargeant also composed music for modern dance groups and orchestrated Broadway shows, turned to critical writing at the Brooklyn *Eagle*, *TIME*, *LIFE*, and, in 1949, *The New Yorker*. Last week, at 68, Sargeant announced that at this season's end he will give up his aisle seat and write more generally from other vantage points. In an interview with *TIME*'s Robert T. Jones, Sargeant reminisced about the past 50 years of music as he has played, heard and assessed it. Some of his observations:

**ON PERFORMANCE** The New York Philharmonic is a much better orchestra today than it was 50 years ago. Playing techniques have changed for the better. I remember as far back as Eugène Ysaÿe [the fabled Belgian violinist, 1858-1931]. I don't think many of the violinists of those days would be considered good musicians today. They took too many liberties. Today they have more respect for the music they play. On the other hand, pianists have become too literal. As a result, if you are going to hear Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, unless you are listening to a really great artist like Artur Schnabel, all the "Emperors" sound alike. This shibboleth about playing notes exactly as written is bunk. Notes are blueprints. They express nothing.

**ON CONDUCTORS** Toscanini had a strong temper, and he slashed through rehearsals. But he was the kind of conductor who could forestall trouble. By just looking at his tuba player, he could tell how much wind the man had taken in and forecast how long that tuba note was going to be. He would then make a sign warning to the guy not to play that long. He was the most expert conductor there was.

Furtwängler was totally different—a very Germanic, mystic type who managed to impose his almost reli-

gious view of music on the players. This resulted in absolutely superb performances too. During the '20s and '30s, Furtwängler and Toscanini were the greatest conductors. Now Georg Solti and Herbert von Karajan are the greatest, and in somewhat the same way, with Solti comparable to Toscanini and Karajan to Furtwängler. **ON COMPOSERS** I think music is dead, because I don't think any important music is being written today. It was in Schoenberg's and Stravinsky's generation that the decline set in. Béla Bartók is a musical personality of some stature, but Stravinsky is the Rimsky-Korsakov of this generation. I am will-



CRITIC WINTHROP SARGEANT  
It's good to be hated.

ing to bet that in the 21st century Stravinsky won't be played very much.

You have to have a tradition. You can't tear it all to pieces and expect to produce anything important. Composers from Mozart to Richard Strauss changed the language slightly, but it still remained the same language. Basing my judgment on his operas, I would say Strauss is the greatest composer of the 20th century. Leoš Janáček is another great composer, who is just beginning to be discovered.

Of the Americans I have heard, I'd say Samuel Barber may survive.

It took an awful lot of arrogance for Arnold Schoenberg to dismiss the historical tradition of music and invent an entirely new one. Of course there are uses for the twelve-tone system. For a composer like Alberto Ginastera, who always sets extremely violent texts to music, the system becomes rather appropriate. There is also Alban Berg, especially in *Lulu*, and

Luigi Dallapiccola. To me, these three are the most impressive twelve-tone composers. My feeling is that the twelve-tone system is incapable of expressing anything but violence.

**ON MUSIC CRITICISM** A critic has to be very much for or very much against something. To be hated is the mark of a good critic. But every critic, I think, is proudest of his crusades. Above all, I crusaded for Anton Bruckner, who until 1952 was not recognized by anybody in New York except me. I feel that I am at least partially responsible for the revival of his music. Then, of course, I had a little crusade for Soprano Beverly Sills, about whom the New York *Times* never said a decent word.

Music criticism is a parasitic occupation. If you live, like Bernard Shaw, at a time when you can introduce a Wagner to your readers, you can become a great critic. But if you cannot crusade for a contemporary composer, I don't think you can make much out of music criticism. I hate to say so, but I don't think music criticism has much of a future.

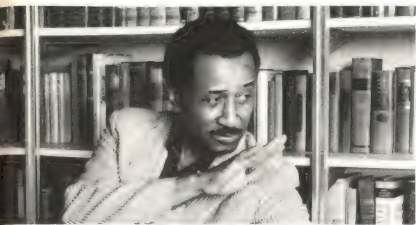
## Rebirth of Venus

Richard Wagner was determined to make a name for himself in Paris. So when the Paris Opéra rejected his latest work, *Tristan and Isolde*, Wagner dusted off his *Tannhäuser*, which had been produced in Dresden 16 years earlier, and Frenchified it. He wrote new music for a ballet in the first scene and reworked the character and music of the love goddess Venus in his best chromatic, post-*Tristan* style.

For nearly a century the Paris *Tannhäuser* remained the most frequently performed version of the opera. Audiences loved the voluptuous new *bacchanale*: sopranos preferred to sing the more dramatic music of Venus. But eventually purists objected to the musical schizophrenia in the work, and came to prefer the earlier Dresden *Tannhäuser*. All the recordings, too, used the Dresden score until last week, when London released the first LPs of the Paris version—a premiere of sorts.

The recording is a knockout, fully comparable to London's history-making *Ring* cycle. Conductor Georg Solti, today's top conductor of Wagner, makes the opera brilliant and unabashedly grand. As Venus, Mezzo-Soprano Christa Ludwig seethes with eroticism, suggesting a world of impossible sexuality. Soprano Helga Dernesch as Elisabeth, Wagner's virginal opposite to Venus, is the perfect embodiment of pinched Victorian purity. Best of all is Tenor René Kollo, a German pop singer metamorphosed into a *Heldentenor*, who sings *Tannhäuser* with a gleaming tone, power, and a dramatic force unequalled since Lauritz Melchior.

—Robert T. Jones



ALBERT MURRAY: A STRAIGHT LINE FROM SOPHOCLES TO BESSIE SMITH

## Soul: Straight Up, No Ice

SOUTH TO A VERY OLD PLACE

by ALBERT MURRAY

230 pages, McGraw-Hill, \$7.95.

Albert Lee Murray, a compact, youthful, 55-year-old brown-skinned man, is seated in an Atlanta restaurant, helping a white, country-fresh waitress spell Heineken. Operating on what he calls his "literary radar," not his desegregation fact finder, Murray senses that any embarrassment the girl feels is offset by her relief and gratitude. "What she is really worried about," says Murray, "is some stern-eyed *maître d'* and some evil-assed cat hack in the kitchen!" It is a pleasure to hear the voice of experience. As an Air Force major, Murray administered a \$37 million military budget. He is also a certified intellectual who can whip a line from Sophocles to Bessie Smith, with enough left over to tie down Max Weber, Kenneth Burke and Duke Ellington.

The meaning, feeling and, above all, the style of confidence can be found on nearly every page of *South to a Very Old Place*, a highly syncretized memoir of youth and a celebration of U.S. Negro culture. It is a perfect companion volume to Willie Morris' *North Toward Home*, the pair constituting a sort of thank-you gift to Historian C. Vann Woodward for his helpful advice that it is foolish to try to think of the white Southerner without thinking about the black Southerner at the same time. The book, in fact, grew out of an assignment Murray got from Morris when he was editor of *Harper's* magazine. The idea was to have Murray make a swing through the South to visit leading writers and journalists, take in the down-home atmosphere and check out the desegregation scene.

Geography does not necessarily

designate the truth of a place for Murray. It is people who do that. So a subway ride from midtown Manhattan to Harlem, where he has lived for ten years, is really a trip north down home. At Yale, visiting C. Vann Woodward and Robert Penn Warren, Murray gets behind the ivy and the laurels to see these eminent men in terms of the small-town Southern traditions that formed them. He seems equally at home with the Georgia of Ralph McGill, late editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Wherever he finds himself, Murray is constantly in search of that Southern something—a mercurial notion, part Scattergood Baines, part Snopes, part blues, and part Confederate sentimentality. But then change and complexity are what Murray is all about. He is a literary man who never tires of applying aesthetics to the shortcomings of social scientists.

In his previous book, *The Omn-Americans*, Murray was critical of Daniel Patrick Moynihan's study of the Negro family ("Not once does he cite any Negro assets that white people might find more attractive than black subservience"). He also took off after Kenneth Clark's *Dark Ghettos*, whose emphasis on black wretchedness, said Murray, "easily exceeds that in most of the books written by white racists to justify segregation."

Murray is not blind to the indignities and hardships suffered by blacks. But he feels that generalizations abstracted from lifeless data, whatever their purpose, have made the U.S. Negro "a victim of sociology." Neither does Murray have sympathetic ears for the rhetoric of black nationalism, particularly when it comes from students: "They are responding to what they read instead of what they know, and yet when you check them out on what they read you find they haven't really read very much."

Murray always views the issue of

race as secondary to the subtlest matters of shared experience. His own contains some revealing ironies. As a segregated Alabama high-school student, he had to use cast-off texts from the all-white schools. Latin and French were not what most black students needed at the time, but for Murray, the old books provided what he smilingly calls "the liberal arts education of young princes."

In some of the best sections of his book, Murray recalls his awakening to literature as an undergraduate at Tuskegee Institute. There began his friendship with a music major named Ralph Ellison, who would eventually be known less for his trumpet than for his novel, *Invisible Man*. "We were talking about the title," Murray recalls, "and Ellison said, 'I guess I'll just have to fight old H.G. Wells for it, and if I'm lucky, people will see how much more I'm trying to do with that metaphor.'"

Murray is always the playful theoretician, a man who can turn a potential identity crisis into a vital style. He can equate the improvisations of Uncle Remus, Jelly Roll Morton and Louis Armstrong with the existentialism of Camus and Sartre. He can say with complete sincerity that because of his background, learning and contacts, he is more Jewish than West Indian or African. ■ R.Z. Sheppard

## Dementia Peacocks

THREE TRAPPED TIGERS

by G. CABRERA INFANTE

487 pages, Harper &amp; Row, \$8.95.

The reader is forewarned, even five- or six-warned:

The Hounds of the Radziwills, I'aimé Joys, Menasha Troy, Ladonna Oldsmobile, Teas Eliot, *Troubles With My Cant*, by Green Grams, *Against Impenetrability*, by Su Sanstang, Joseph Awfulsoop, Devil's Avocado, Schwehili (the language spoken by Schweizer), Dr. Dyingstone, I exhume.

What is all but incredible about this dizzying slapstick is not that the author has the worst case of the Marx hithers on record, but that he is a Cuban, and wrote it all first in Spanish. His novel, a brilliantly loony memoir of life in Havana just before Castro's takeover, was called *Tres Tristes Tigres* (Three Sad Tigers) in the original. When Cabrera Infante and a couple of steady-nerved friends did the English transmutation of *TTT*, the tongue twisting of the title seemed more important than its negligible sense, and so the tigers were trapped.

*TTT* may sound like a fairly good grade of college humor, but it is a good deal more: the fond, wondering recollection of a double exile, a man separated by circumstance from his country and by a decade and more from his youth. (Author Cabrera Infante, 42, is a leftist who regards

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# THE SEA

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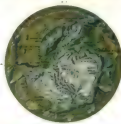
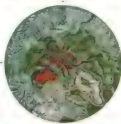
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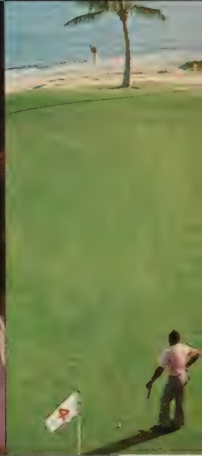
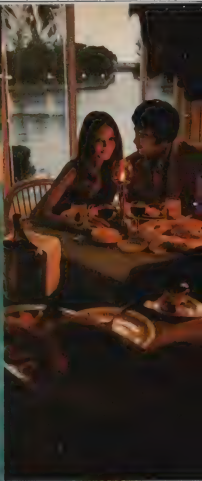


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## BOOKS

Castro as a Stalinist and a gangster, and now lives in London.) His book is a remarkably good novel of memory, and it is memory that splits the images and works the magnifications, producing the prose pratfalls, the cross-cutting of parody and boozy interior monologue, the bits of trivia in two languages worn smooth like lucky stones.

A reader who does not resist the flow absorbs a sense of Havana at the end of Batista's reign: overripe, tainted, almost innocent. The time is generally city-night in Cabrera Infante's narrations. The punning speakers are young dementia peacocks; an actor, a photographer, an assortment of nightclub chicks. They drink, flirt, gossip, listen to music, flip tag lines from American movies at each other.

Their gringoized culture seems to them slightly sluttish. Their thinking is "cogitus interruptus." Only occasionally is there a political edge to their talk. Toward the end of the novel, the actor says without much conviction that he is going to join the guerrillas in the mountains. The announcement causes little stir, and is swept away by the barman's rag.

The author has gone to some effort to make this extraordinary book comprehensible to English-speaking readers; his Englishing goes far beyond mere translation. Nevertheless, some of it is understandable only in a general way to those not familiar with Cuban and the Spanish language.

A prudent reviewer will therefore not make ringing pronouncements. But it is clear that *TTT* can stand on the same shelf with Gabriel Garcia-Marquez's very dissimilar *One Hundred Years of Solitude*, and the provocative obscurities of Jorge Luis Borges. A much-impressed *norteamericano* wonders what else is hidden in the Latin trunk.

• John Skow

## Bearing Witness

THE BOOK OF ALFRED KANTOR

by ALFRED KANTOR

127 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$17.95.

Novelist Kurt Vonnegut once proposed that writers adopt a basic unit of "conscience measurement," to be called the "Stowe" in honor of the "only writer in history who had an effect on the course of world affairs." What disturbed Vonnegut, though, was the knowledge that people "having read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and cried, feel that they have somehow dealt with the problem."

Alas, too true. But these days, bad news arrives thicker and faster than the mind can follow, or bear to contemplate. Often it seems that all one can muster in response is, at best, some variation on Hamlet's simple formula for mourning—"Absent thee from felicity awhile"—or at worst, numb weariness and futility.

Anyone who has begun to wonder



Push-ups as punishment.

whether such quietism may make it all but useless for men to go on bearing witness to atrocity should ponder the manner and matter of this book created three decades ago but not published until 1971.

Alfred Kantor, now 48, works as an artist in a New York advertising agency. In 1939, because he was a Jew in Nazi-occupied Prague, he had to leave art school. In 1941, at age 18, he was sent to Terezin, a camp the Nazis used as a staging point for death installations like Auschwitz. Kantor went there too, in 1943, but was saved from death because he was still strong enough to be drafted for work at a camp that provided laborers for a synthetic-fuel factory. In a brief introductory narrative, Kantor explains all this, and outlines what life and the presence of death were like in each camp. He also tells how he began to make sketches to have a record "if and when I was ever free." At first he memorized scenes during the day and sketched them at night. Much that he drew was smuggled out.

In 1945, while in an American D.P. camp, Kantor got the sketches together and created in a single bound



"Searching for Lice."

book a visual diary of what he had seen, with brief captions, first in Czech, then in what he describes as "the best Prague highschool English I could muster." *The Book of Alfred Kantor* is simply a facsimile reproduction of that diary: more than 150 small and mostly cramped sketches that had sat in Kantor's library for years until friends persuaded him to have it published.

The work is hasty. The sticklike human figures sometimes suggest a drawing that a skilled child might send home from quite a different sort of camp. Partly for that reason, the book is a rare document that somehow reaches the reader's imagination in more enduring ways than more dramatically horrifying renderings ever could. Horror, of course, is organic to the world Kantor drew. He shows naked bodies being disgorged from a room after Cyclone-B gas has just been tested; the forlorn, rumpled figure of a woman in the snow who committed suicide by touching the high-tension barbed wire around Auschwitz; SS guards abusing prisoners. But he also has dozens of other details—women carrying soup in heavy barrels, prisoners being mustered for work, men searching for lice, sick call, scenes in a mess hall—until the whole experience seems so matter of factly part of life that it cannot be protectively blocked out of the mind as some sort of nether-worldly nightmare.

In his captions and notes, Alfred Kantor almost never raises his voice or tries to heighten the impact of his little pictures with dramatic effects. On the rare occasions when he does so, even though the situation would seem to justify any amount of shrieking overstatement, the reader is immediately repelled. (One example of both verbal and visual "dramatics" is a posterized scene, all in black, labeled "The Hell of Auschwitz," in which a looming, faceless SS man threatens a crouching woman and child.) Whether Kantor generally avoided this kind of thing through wisdom or mere exhaustion at the enormity of what he had seen, his book proves once more something that the age of verbal blarney has forgotten. Sheer howl may or may not be all right for politics and selling soap, but the presentation of agony is best served by the simplest truth.

• Timothy Faote

## Four Cavorters

WHY A DUCK?

edited by RICHARD J. ANOBILE

288 pages. New York Graphic Society. \$7.95.

T.S. Eliot begged him (or an attograph picture. Thornton Wilder found him sequestered in *Pinnegau Wake*.<sup>6</sup> The first man on the moon mimicked his fluid slouch. Clearly,

\* "This is the three lipoleum Coyne Gromching down in the living ditch."

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Groucho Marx is a man of parts, and eight of those parts are preserved in this collection of uncritical, oversized photographs and classic film routines.

*Why A Duck?* divides a genre into four cavorers: Zeppo, once charitably labeled the Good Looking One; Harpo, Rumpelstiltskin with mild satyrism; Chico, the Italian Defamation League; and the great, nay immoral Groucho. Under his pun-fulfilled guidance the boys carom delightfully from the primitive surrealism of *The Cocoanuts* on beyond that neglected antiwar pageant *Duck Soup*, to the classic double bill, *A Day At The Races* and *A Night At The Opera*.

Yet nonsense and nostalgia are ultimately contradictions in terms. Even Groucho, whose verbalistics remain formidable, was not meant to swing on the printed page. In *A Night At The Opera* an exchange occurs:

Chico: What'll I say?

Groucho: Tell 'em you're not here.

Chico: Suppose they don't believe me?

Groucho: They'll believe you when you start talking.

In a sense, that is what happens in *Why A Duck?* The illustrations are the still life of the party. But as the brothers deliver their lines, now entombed in comic-strip balloons, both timing and inflection—the soul of cinematic wit—vanish. Those unacquainted with the films cannot hope to comprehend the fond archaeology of *Why A Duck?* No, this is a trigger for memories, a bright souvenir for the ages—the ages well above 30. Plus those youthful Marxists who flyspeck television listings for sporadic, interrupted revivals. Other coffee tables need not apply.

■ Stefan Kanfer

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- 5—Nemesis, Christie (10)
- 6—Message from Malaga, MacInnes (4)
- 7—The Betsy, Robbins (7)
- 8—Rabbit Redux, Updike (6)
- 9—Our Gong, Roth (9)
- 10—Bear Island, MacLean (8)

### NONFICTION

- 1—Eleanor and Franklin, Lash (1)
- 2—Tracy and Hepburn, Kanin (2)
- 3—Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee, Brown (4)
- 4—Honor Thy Father, Talese (3)
- 5—The Last Whole Earth Catalog, Portola Institute (5)
- 6—Jennie, Vol II: The Life of Lady Randolph Churchill, 1895-1921, Martin (9)
- 7—Brian Piccolo: A Short Season, Morris (6)
- 8—Touch the Earth, McLuhan
- 9—The Delaney News: Rests, F. Lee Bailey and Harvey Aronson
- 10—The Wreck of the Penn Central, Joseph R. Daughen and Peter Binzen

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## MODERN LIVING

### Holiday for Blacks

While most Americans last week were storing away Christmas memories for another year, a growing number of blacks were opening gifts—and affirming political principles—at parties and feasts observing a new festival named Kwanza. Drawing heavily on traditional African harvest festivals for inspiration, Kwanza (which means “first fruits” in Swahili) is a seven-day ceremony that winds up with a lavish celebration on New Year’s Eve.

Kwanza came into existence about five years ago, spurred on by Maulana Ron Karenga,\* head of the black nationalist organization called US. “He saw that black people here had no holidays of their own,” says Imamu Clyde Halisi, national chairman of US, “and felt that holidays give a people a sense of identity and direction.” Although many of the blacks who celebrate Kwanza no longer take part in Christmas festivities, they insist that the new holiday is not intended to be a replacement for Christmas. Instead, says Muminia Jaribu, a member of the Committee for a Unified Newark, it is a “time of making commitments to the liberation of our people.”

The observance of Kwanza centers on intensive family discussions each evening of one of the seven “basic values” stressed during the holiday: unity, self-determination, cooperative economics, collective work and responsibility, faith, purpose and creativity.

Emphasis is upon the children, who receive most of the gifts and are asked to make a commitment of some sort

—improving their grades, for example. During the following year’s celebration, if their marks are better, they are rewarded with extra gifts. Why hold the holiday at a time of year that is already crowded with festivities? “It begins December 26,” says Halisi, “so we’ll be in a position to benefit from the after-Christmas sales.”

### Life on De Witt

For a time, Vermont was chic, and Alaska and Spain were favorite places to get away from it all. Nowadays those who really want to drop out head for Tobago, Sardinia and Pago Pago. One potential hideaway that until now has been completely ignored, however, is De Witt Isle, five miles off the southern coast of Tasmania\* in the savage, blustery “Roaring Forties.” Its assets are 4,000 acres of jagged rocks, tangled undergrowth and trees twisted and bent by the battering winds. Local fishermen call it the “Big Witch,” and settlers have avoided it like the plague, but bandicoots (ratlike marsupials native to Australia), wallabies, eagles and penguins think De Witt is just fine.

So does Jane Cooper, 18, a pert Melbourne high school graduate, who emigrated there with three goats, several chickens and a number of cats brought along to stand guard against the bandicoots. Why De Witt? “I was frightened at the way life is lived today in our cities,” says Jane. “I wanted to be alone, to have some time to think and find out about myself.”

For a while, the world outside continued to plague her: the Tasmanian



JANE COOPER  
No exodus.

state government insisted that she leave for her own safety and complained that she was trespassing on a flora and fauna reserve. But local officials backed her up, and the state finally relented.

The furor brought an unwelcome influx of journalists, whom the opportunistic local fishermen charged \$280 per round trip from a Tasmanian port. But now the interest has ebbed, and Jane has been left alone to write poems and start work on a book, play the flute and dive for crayfish and abalone to supplement her diet of cereal, canned goods and homegrown vegetables.

**Old and Young.** Her solitary life isn’t easy. “Dear God,” she wrote in her diary on her first day ashore, “how I love this island . . . but I don’t know if I’m strong enough to stay. I found myself walking along the rocks crying.”

Then her mood began to change: “Damn it, I’m going to conquer this island. I won’t let it beat me . . . I had been feeling so sorry for myself that I was unaware of the beauty that surrounded me.” Recently she sent a letter home via the local fishermen, who stop by occasionally to deliver supplies and make certain that Jane is all right. In the letter she wrote: “I feel very old and very young. I’m more determined than ever to stay here.” She reports she has learned to bake bread and saw and split firewood. For a while, she had human company: a male friend spent ten days on the island to help her build a wooden shack. Now, she is alone again.

De Witt still has plenty of disadvantages. The cats so far have not much impressed the bandicoots, which occasionally scamper across Jane’s face

\* Currently serving a one-to-ten-year prison sentence for torturing two women followers whom he suspected of plotting against him.

\* A large, populous (395,600) Australian island-state southeast of the mainland.

CHRISTOPHER WILSON, JR.—RAPHAEL GULLONE/RETNA



JAZZ GROUP PLAYING AT “FIRST FRUITS” CEREMONY AFTER CHRISTMAS  
Contemplating new values and new identity.

at night and persist in digging up the vegetable seeds she has planted in a small garden. But she has made a friend—a penguin named Mickey Mouse—and she is beginning to feel that “this is my world and my life . . . it is so beautiful here I can’t imagine Melbourne any longer.” To millions of city-bound Australians, Jane has become something of a heroine, but most apparently want to share her adventures vicariously at best. So far there has been no mass exodus to lonely offshore islands—including little De Witt, which still has a population of only one.

## Back to the Button-Down

Remember the button-down shirt? A masculine must during the '50s, it eventually became about as unfashionable as the codpiece. As recently as last summer, it could be found only at stubbornly conservative shops like Brooks Brothers.

Now mod is going out, moderate is moving in, and the button-down is back. Says Danny Zarem, vice president and fashion director at Manhattan's Bonwit Teller: “Men have gotten the peacockery out of their systems. They feel it's now time to return to good taste.”

The new button-downer boasts longer, narrower collar points, is cut more slimly and patterned more vividly than the old stand-bys. The new shirt is designed, in fact, to go with the fashionably tailored men's suits of recent vintage. But no one expects the button-down to become the cliché that it was in the '50s. Says Designer Bill Blass, who is among the pioneers of the button-down this time around: “I don't want men to wear only button-down shirts. It's just part of the whole fashion picture.”

Button-downs are already showing up on the well known. Among those who have bought the new models are Marcello Mastroianni, David Steinberg and Clint Eastwood. (Henry Kissinger, Frank Sinatra and Bob Newhart, who still wear the older version on occasion, are back in style.) Zarem reports that Bonwit's has sold more than 150 dozen of the Blass button-downs to New Yorkers since first offering them in October. “Response,” he says, “has been fantastic. For older customers, it represents a security blanket . . . they relate to everything it represents: flannels, tweeds and oxford cloth. The younger customers see it as part of the classic revival in fashions.”

Brooks Brothers, however, merely sniffs at the trend and professes never to have noticed a slowdown. “We sell as many now as we ever did,” says Vice President Ashbel T. Wall. Brooks has no plans to offer the longer-collar version now becoming so popular elsewhere, and will stick with the style that it has sold so well for so many years. “It's nice,” he says, “to know you're right.”

## SHOW BUSINESS

## Reserved for the Stage

PARIS has two monuments,” Jean Cocteau once remarked. “The Eiffel Tower and Maurice Chevalier.” Last week, after Chevalier died in Paris at 83, only one was left.

Like De Gaulle, Maurice Chevalier was a French legend, but one inspiring love not awe; a legend in his own time—for half a century he was the best-known French entertainer on either side of the Atlantic. For Americans, Chevalier was synonymous with Gay Paree—*joie de vivre*; *l'amour, toujours l'amour*; English with a charming French accent. For the French he conjured up a different image. Maurice personified the “*Titi Parisien*” (Parisian Urchin). Born in the old working-class quarter of Menilmontant, he was a kind of French cockney, with the innate wit, mocking manner, insouciance and unconcern for tomorrow of the poor Parisian from the *faubourgs*. He was the antithesis of the bourgeois from the 16th *arrondissement*, where eventually he went to live.

The tools of Chevalier's trade were as familiar as the bowler, cane and flatfooted waddle of his contemporary, Charlie Chaplin; almost always there was a straw hat tilted rakishly over a roguish blue eye, a jutting lower lip, a slightly protruding derriere, and that gay boulevardier's swagger. When famed Director Ernst Lubitsch offered him the role of a prince in Hollywood, Chevalier laughingly declined, saying: “With my swinging walk, I can only play commoners.”

**From the Heart.** Indeed, when “Momo” made his debut at the age of twelve in a Paris café, he was dressed as a peasant. He had the spectators roaring with laughter as he sang three tones above his pianist. From the start to the finish of his singing career, which lasted 71 years, Chevalier never did have much of a voice. “I have always sung,” he said himself, “more from the heart than the throat.” He learned to come on twinkling and debonair, his r-rolling repertoire in droll counterpoint to his charming manner and accomplished delivery.

It was easy to believe the story that Chevalier returned periodically to the Berlitz School to perfect his French accent in English. Chevalier was marked by America long before he saw the Statue of Liberty. “My first influence was the American music hall,” he has explained. “I remember seeing the Tiller girls in Paris sing *Yankee Doodle Dandy* with that crazy tempo. I went mad. What I did was to mix the American novelty and old French humor so that even to the French I was something new.” It was that new-old French humor that came across

in his best-loved chansons, *Valentine Ma Pomme*, *Paris, Je T'Aime*, and such American favorites as *Louise* and *If a Nightingale Could Sing Like You*.

Before World War I, Chevalier was a partner—and lover—of the famed cabaret singer and dancer Mistinguett. Later he went on to star alone at the Folies-Bergère and the Casino de Paris. In the late '20s and early '30s he became a very highly paid American movie idol. Even Greta Garbo, for a fleeting moment, once felt that it might be nice to be with him. “Do you know how to swim, Monsieur Che-

PHILIPPE HALSMAN



CHEVALIER AT WORK

valier?” Greta asked at a dinner party in Hollywood. “*Mais oui*,” replied Chevalier hesitantly. “Then let's go for a dip in the ocean right now,” said the Swedish actress. “But it's midnight,” objected the Frenchman. “*Le Pacifique est glacé!*,” Garbo never talked to Chevalier again.

There always was a lot of common sense in the commoner Chevalier. One of his favorite remarks was the classic line: “Growing old isn't so bad when you consider the alternative.” Back recently from a trip to the U.S., Chevalier was asked how it had gone. “If I had wanted to please everybody,” he replied, “I would have had to drink to my health 24 hours out of 24. But little Maurice was playing it cool. I don't want to hand myself around like a resort booklet, I'm reserving myself for the stage.” He could have said with pride that he kept that reservation all his life.

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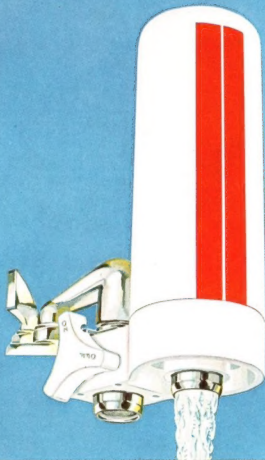
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